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Films and Filming

SEPTEMBER 1960

2s

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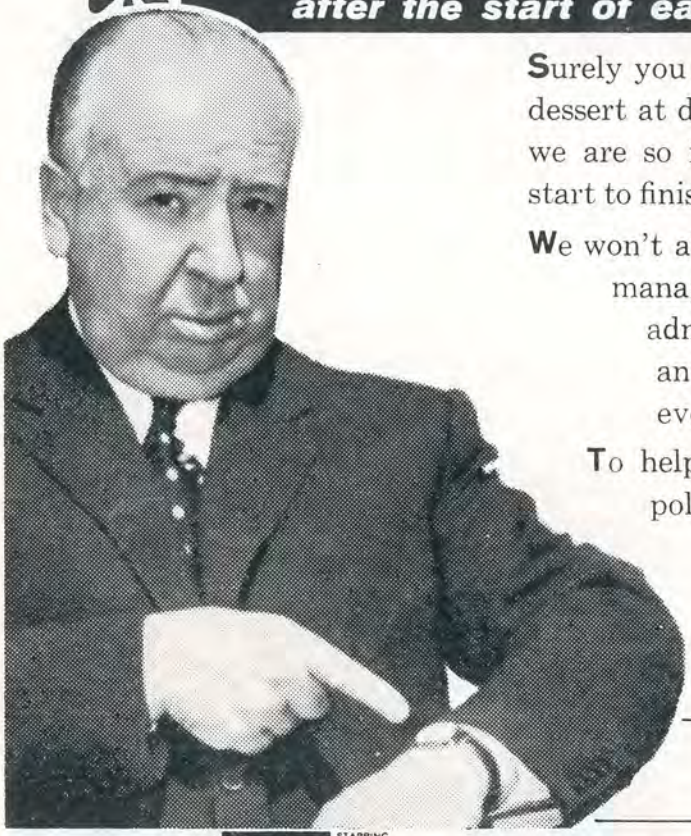

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What YOU Think

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THE "simple, turgid" principal theme, which Alan Stanbrook in his article on *The Informer* (July) criticized as being "totally unreflective of the film's tragic course," was, I think, meant as a tonal portrait of the protagonist. A delicately-complex lament would not have symbolized that dim-witted giant, Gypo Nolan, who brawled and blustered his way through life and to his death. I will say though that, in the main, Max Steiner's music for this film was rather rudimentary, and was not comparable to the splendid work he did later for Warner Brothers (incidentally, besides his two Oscars mentioned in the article, he was awarded one for *Now, Voyager* in 1942).

Unfortunately, because *The Informer* score won the first dramatic film music Oscar (1935), some film historians today are presuming that it was the first entirely symphonic score, whereas that distinction surely beongs to Erich Wolfgang Korngold's strikingly colourful score for *Captain Blood* (1936)? Korngold, who subsequently gained the 1936 and 1938 Oscars for *Anthony Adverse* and *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, was far ahead of any other screen composer in those days, and in my opinion, his musical contribution has still not been equalled in quality.

Philip Hammond

28 *The Drive,*
Adel,
Leeds, 16,
Yorks.

NO 'BEAT'

YOUR Cannes 1960 Critic, Peter Baker, may very well be a good cinema critic; however, rash statements which class Henry Miller as the first "beat writer" could well be dispensed with.

Mr. Miller will, I think, emerge as one of the finest writers of the 20th Century; he is essentially a humanist (which beat writers are not) with a great understanding and compassion for his fellow man. His work, though appearing to be introverted, when read properly is a very fair comment on the world today, and contains a philosophy by which he has lived and given much to other human beings.

The "beatnick" cult is quite the opposite. It is entirely selfish, seeking only pleasure for self. Beatnicks are almost totally introverted, and very rare birds, however, a very large "gravy train" now seems to be well under way.

Gerald W. Mosdell

106 *St. John's Hill,*
Clapham Junction,
*London, S.W.*11.

Peter Baker comments: I did not imply that Mr. Miller is not a fine writer. I am a great admirer of his work. And I still think his early Paris works, notably the *Tropics,* are pretty "beat".

HIS EFFECTS

READING the recently published Cecil B. DeMille autobiography, it was very pleasing to note the sincere tribute paid to the late Gordon Jennings whom Mr. De Mille rightly describes as "the best special effects expert".

Mr. Jennings' artistry was never more fully illustrated than by the destruction-of-the-Temple sequence for *Samson and Delilah,* which gave me a tremendous thrill as a youngster, and seeing the current re-issue the scene still carries quite a kick.

The deaths of DeMille and Jennings robbed Hollywood of two of its finest master craftsmen, but they left a wonderful wealth of cine-magic laced with superb technical know-how to entertain, thrill and confound past, present and future generations of film-goers. A splendid legacy.

Anthony Boyle

45 *Harvey Street,*
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 6.

NOT LIKE WILDE

IN the film of *The Trials of Oscar Wilde,* there are some magnificent scenes in which Peter Finch has caught a remarkable likeness to Wilde. On your July cover you have shown a photo which is one that least resembles Oscar Wilde. He looks far more like Françoise Rosay—quite wrong, in fact.

Such a pity. Wilde's features were unusual, but on various occasions by holding his head well back, and by clever photography and make-up, Finch has managed to capture the coarse, plump, sensual features of Wilde, and the humorous expression of his eyes for which he was noted. The Café Royal scenes are extraordinary in their vividness, quite surpassing anything hitherto screened. If the film does not draw the public it will only be due to poor advertisement.

Patricia Stone

Silverhowe,
New Church Road,
Sutton Coldfield.

SOVIET BEST-SELLER?

I WAS interested to read (June issue) the statement by Gregory Ratoff, director of *Oscar Wilde* that Wilde "is a top selling author in Russia—as famous as Tolstoy or Dostoievski—and" for every one of Wilde's books sold in England twenty-five were sold in Russia. It would be interesting to know what these books are. Wilde only wrote one, *The Picture of Dorian Gray,* the rest were short stories and plays. It is difficult to believe that Wilde is as famous in Russia, or anywhere else, as either of the two literary giants mentioned by Mr. Ratoff.

Hubert E. Alexander

31 *Buckland Crescent,*
*N.W.*3.

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Note: The Entertainer was reviewed in May. Il Tetto will be reviewed next month.

SEPTEMBER, 1960 Sixth Year of Publication Vol. 6 No. 12

Films and Filming

Editor : PETER G. BAKER

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE AMONGST CRITICAL FILMGOERS

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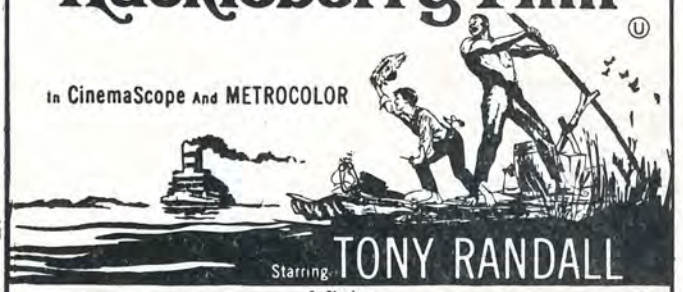

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FILMGUIDE

Correct at time of going to press, but subject to alteration

West End Premieres

The Alamo: Astoria, Oct. 26.
Bells Are Ringing: Odeon Leicester Square, Aug. 25.
The Fugitive Kind: London Pavilion, Sept. 2.
It Started In Naples: Plaza, Sept. 15.
Let No Man Write My Epitaph: Odeon Marble Arch, Aug. 18.
Strangers When We Meet: Odeon Leicester Square, Sept. 15.
There Was A Crooked Man: Astoria Sept. 1.
The Fanatics and *L'Eau Vivre:* Cameo-Poly, Aug. 18.
Song Without End: Columbia, Sept. 5.
Films in the West End soon: *Elmer Gantry* Leicester Square Theatre, mid.-Dec.; *Tunes of Glory:* Odeon Leicester Square, Early Dec.

General Releases

Aug. 15
A.B.C. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
RANK *From the Terrace*
INDEPENDENT *Kidnapped | White Wilderness*
Aug. 22
A.B.C. *Ice Palace*
RANK *Doctor in Love*
INDEPENDENT *The Gallant Hours*
Aug. 29
A.B.C. *Dentist in the Chair|Four Fast Guns*
RANK *Psycho|Identity Unknown*
INDEPENDENT *The Lost World*
Sept. 5
A.B.C. *Light Up The Sky|The Big Day*
RANK *Inherit the Wind*
INDEPENDENT *The Brides of Dracula*
Sept. 12
A.B.C. *The Nun's Story*
RANK *Suddenly Last Summer*
INDEPENDENT *One Foot in Hell*
Sept. 19
A.B.C. *The French Mistress*
Sept. 26
A.B.C. *Never Take Sweets From a Stranger|Come Dance With Me*
INDEPENDENT *It Started in Naples| Walk Like a Dragon*
Oct. 24
A.B.C. *The Crowded Sky*

Repertory

Films of all nationalities, selected by FILMS AND FILMING as being of special interest to film enthusiasts, which areshowing in the British Isles from Aug. 15 to Sept. 30. Figures in brackets indicate number of days showing.

London Area

ADAM'S RIB Baker Street Classic Sept. 29 (3)
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT Tooting Vogue Sept. 25 (4)
ANNA LUCASTA Dalston Classic Sept. 25 (4)
AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS Acton Odeon Aug. 14 (14) Islington Angel Aug. 14 (14) Kilburn State Sept. 18 (14) Stamford Hill Gaumont Sept. 18 (14) Hackney Odeon Aug. 14 (14) Ilford Odeon Aug. 14 (14) Richmond Odeon Aug. 14 (14) Uxbridge Odeon Sept. 18 (14) Guildford Odeon Aug. 14 (14) Elephant and Castle Troc. Sept. 18 (14)
BACK FROM ETERNITY Tooting Vogue Sept. 22 (3)
BAREFOOT CONTESSA (THE) Kilburn Classic Sept. 18 (7)
BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (THE) Stockwell Classic Sept. 22 (3)
BED OF GRASS Dalston Classic Aug. 14 (4)
BEGGAR'S OPERA (THE) Hampstead Everyman Sept. 5 (3)
BLACKBOARD JUNGLE Dalston Classic Sept. 4 (4) Tooting Vogue Sept. 11 (4)
BROTHERS KARAMAZOV (THE) Stockwell Classic Sept. 29 (3)
CADDY (THE) Tooting Vogue Sept. 4 (4)
CAPTAIN'S PARADISE (THE) Kilburn Classic Aug. 21 (7)
CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF Croydon Classic Sept. 12 (6)
CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW Dalston Classic Sept. 1 (3) Kilburn Classic Sept. 11 (7)
COLDITZ STORY (THE) Kilburn Classic Sept. 4 (7)
CONSTANT HUSBAND (THE) Chelsea Classic Sept. 18 (4)
COUSINS (LES) Dalston Classic Aug. 28 (4)
CRANES ARE FLYING (THE) Baker Street Classic Aug. 21 (4)
DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS Shepherds Bush Essoldo Sept. 18 (4)
DESIGNING WOMAN Chelsea Classic Sept. 15 (3)
DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS Tooting Classic Sept. 11 (7) Baker Street Classic Aug. 25 (3)
EAST OF EDEN Chelsea Classic Aug. 25 (3)
FIRE IN THE BLOOD (La Rage au Corps) Tooting Classic Aug. 10 (7)
FOREIGN INTRIGUE Tooting Vogue Sept. 22 (3)
FORSYTE SAGA (THE) Baker Street Classic Sept. 4 (4)
FRIENDLY PERSUASION Baker Street Classic Aug. 18 (3)
GENERATION (A) Leytonstone State Aug. 21 (7)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS Baker Street Classic Sept. 11 (4)
GREAT EXPECTATIONS Hampstead Everyman Aug. 22 (7)
GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL Dalston Classic Sept. 15 (3)
HELL ON FRISCO BAY Tooting Vogue Sept. 11 (4)
HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR Stockwell Classic Sept. 18 (4) Chelsea Classic Sept. 4 (4) Croydon Classic Sept. 18 (7)
HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM Tooting Vogue Sept. 18 (4)
IDEAL HUSBAND (AN) Baker Street Classic Aug. 14 (3) Tooting Classic Aug. 14 (7) Dalston Classic Aug. 21 (4)
I'LL CRY TOMORROW Victoria Cameo Sept. 15 (3)
IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST Chelsea Classic Aug. 17 (4) Tooting Classic Aug. 14 (7) Dalston Classic Aug. 21 (4)
IVAN THE TERRIBLE Chelsea Classic Sept. 29 (3)
KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS Chelsea Classic Sept. 11 (4)
KING AND I (THE) Enfield Wash Premier Sept. 1 (3) Old Ford Ritz Sept. 29 (3) Islington Rex Sept. 29 (3)
LABYRINTH Croydon Classic Sept. 26 (6)
LADYKILLERS (THE) Hampstead Everyman Aug. 29 (7)
LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL (THE) Stockwell Classic Sept. 25 (4)
LONG KNIFE (THE) Tooting Vogue Sept. 29 (3)
LOSER TAKES ALL Chelsea Classic Aug. 14 (4)
LUST FOR LIFE Enfield Rialto Sept. 18 (1)
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION Croydon Classic Aug. 28 (1)
MAN IS TEN FEET TALL (A) Tooting Classic Sept. 11 (7) Croydon Classic Aug. 29 (6)
MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM (THE) Tooting Vogue Sept. 29 (3) Stockwell Classic Sept. 11 (4)
MERRY ANDREW Stockwell Classic Sept. 4 (4)
MRS. MINIVER Baker Street Classic Sept. 8 (3)
NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (A) Chelsea Classic Sept. 25 (4)
NIGHT IS NOT FOR SLEEP Stockwell Classic Sept. 18 (4)
NO ROOM FOR WILD ANIMALS Kilburn Classic Aug. 14 (7)
OH ROSALINDA Baker Street Classic Aug. 14 (4)
PAJAMA GAME (THE) Stockwell Classic Sept. 15 (3)
PARISIENNE Croydon Classic Aug. 21 (7)
PORT OF CALL Tooting Classic Sept. 4 (7)
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE Baker Street Classic Sept. 18 (7)
PRIEST IN PIGALLE (A) Dalston Classic Sept. 25 (4) Croydon Classic Aug. 29 (6)
PRISONS DE FEMMES Dalston Classic Aug. 14 (4)
RAINTREE COUNTY Chelsea Classic Sept. 22 (3)
RANDOM HARVEST Chelsea Classic Aug. 18 (3)
RED BALLOON (THE) Tooting Classic Sept. 25 (7) Kilburn Classic Sept. 18 (7)
RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE (THE) Tooting Classic Sept. 18 (7) Kilburn Classic Sept. 4 (7) Baker Street Classic Aug. 28 (4) Croydon Classic Aug. 21 (7)
RIFIFI Chelsea Classic Sept. 8 (3)
ST. LOUIS BLUES Tooting Vogue Sept. 1 (3)
SATCHMO THE GREAT Dalston Classic Sept. 15 (3)
SAYONARA Baker Street Classic Sept. 1 (3)
SEPTEMBER AFFAIR Kilburn Classic Sept. 11 (7)
SERIOUS CHARGE Dalston Classic Sept. 4 (4)
SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS West Ealing Lido Aug. 14 (7) Bermondsey Rialto Sept. 22 (3)
SEVEN HILLS OF ROME (THE) Dalston Classic Sept. 1 (3) Stockwell Classic Sept. 1 (3)
SILK STOCKINGS Croydon Classic Sept. 4 (7)
SOMETHING OF VALUE Chelsea Classic Sept. 1 (3)
STUDENT PRINCE (THE) Kilburn Classic Sept. 25 (7)
TALES OF HOFFMANN (THE) Hampstead Everyman Sept. 8 (4)
TEA AND SYMPATHY Dalston Classic Sept. 11 (4)
TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON (THE) Dalston Classic Aug. 18 (3) Tooting Classic Sept. 25 (7)
TENDER TRAP (THE) Dalston Classic Sept. 22 (3)
TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE (LE) Leytonstone State Aug. 29 (6)
THUNDER ROAD Tooting Vogue Sept. 8 (3)
TIN STAR (THE) Stockwell Classic Aug. 21 (4)
TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN (THE) Tooting Classic Sept. 18 (7) Kilburn Classic Aug. 21 (7)
WAITING WOMEN Notting Hill Classic Aug. 14 (4) Tooting Classic Aug. 28 (7) Croydon Classic Sept. 26 (6)
WAR OF THE WORLDS (THE) Tooting Vogue Sept. 18 (4)
WAY TO THE STARS (THE) Chelsea Classic Aug. 21 (4)
WE ARE THE LAMBETH BOYS Stockwell Classic Sept. 29 (3)
WE'RE NO ANGELS Stockwell Classic Sept. 22 (3) Kilburn Classic Aug. 28 (7)
WHERE THE RIVER BENDS Tooting Vogue Aug. 28 (4)
WHISKY GALORE Hampstead Everyman Aug. 15 (7)
WILD ONE (THE) Leytonstone State Sept. 4 (21)
YOUNG AND THE GUILTY (THE) Dalston Classic Sept. 11 (4)
YOUNG LIONS (THE) Enfield Wash Premier Sept. 25 (4)

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ALEXANDER THE GREAT Swindon Classic Sept. 8 (3) Sept. 5 (6)
CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF Eastbourne Classic Aug. 25 (6)
CHAPLIN REVUE (THE) Newbury Forum Aug. 25 (3)
COUSINS (LES) Southampton Classic Aug. 14 (7)
EAST OF EDEN Southampton Classic Aug. 14 (7)
HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR Swindon Classic Sept. 25 (4)
LOVERS (THE) Chester Classic Sept. 5 (6)
LUNCH ON THE GRASS Chester Classic Sept. 19 (6)
NO ROOM FOR WILD ANIMALS Southampton Classic Sept. 4 (7) Chester Classic Sept. 1 (3)
OLIVER TWIST Eastbourne Tivoli Sept. 8 (1)
PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL (THE) Eastbourne Classic Aug. 11 (6)
RAINTREE COUNTY Swindon Classic Sept. 15 (3)
RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE (THE) Southampton Classic Sept. 18 (7) Eastbourne Classic Sept. 8 (6)
SERIOUS CHARGE Swindon Classic Sept. 4 (4)
TEA AND SYMPATHY Southampton Classic Sept. 11 (7) Eastbourne Classic Sept. 1 (6)

NEW RECORDS

The Other Side

WHO could fail to be intrigued by a title on the sleeve, Behind Brigitte Bardot, printed neatly just above B.B.'s B.? The sleeve note explains that the Behind really means the background music to Miss Bardot's films. It also says that Pete Rugolo and his orchestra play the music "unrestrained and unexpurgated". But don't be put off, this is no shoddy gimmick disc. The music is cool and sensuous, tuneful and packed with subtle rhythms; in fact, listening to the Misraki music for *And Woman Was Created* one realises just how much the Bardot myth owes itself to her presentation, and just how much successful presentation depends on the Bardot film music.

Behind Brigitte Bardot will have a wide appeal. It is good to welcome this as one of the first releases on a new label, Warner Brothers. The mono is magnificently recorded, but the stereo version has a fussy outline although the separation is all that can be required. (Warner Brothers 12-inch LP Mono WM4001 35s. 9½d. Stereo WS8001 35s. 9½d.)

The title A Summer Place is misleading. Billy Vaughan's disc does in fact start with Steiner's theme from *A Summer Place*, but for the main it is made up of old film theme favourites . . . among them the *Picnic* theme, Tiomkin's *High Noon*, some of Chaplin's *Limelight* music and the best known Kurt Weill tune from *The Threepenny Opera*. In fact this is a well balanced programme, played by an augmented orchestra using more tasteful arrangements than are usual for Hollywood. The London 12-inch LP comes in mono and stereo versions, and there is no doubt that the stereo is more fun . . . particularly the distant whistler in *The Threepenny Opera*. (London Mono HAD2256 35s. 9½d. Stereo SAHD6080 35s. 9½d.).

Brando, Magnani, Woodward . . . those are the big names in Lumet's film of Tennessee Williams' *The Fugitive Kind*. And the music was composed by Kenyon Hopkins, who has conducted the score. As you may expect, this is tense, neurotic music at times (particularly the vocal *Let Me Out*) frightening music. This is not easy music to listen to divorced from the context of the film and London would have done well to have illustrated key scenes on the sleeve instead of using the space for advertising other discs. After all, you pay for the sleeve as well as the record! (London 12-inch LP Mono HAT2257 35s. 9½d.).

A reminder about the pleasing 45 of excerpts from the record breaking film of *South Pacific*. Beautifully recorded. It's on RCA (RCX181 12s. 3½d. Mono).

John Huston's *The Unforgiven* is a new angle on Westerns. The score has been done by that distinguished *High Noon* composer, Dimitri Tiomkin. I don't think he has written another 'pop' . . . and in any case he didn't intend to do so; but the score is distinguished in its sense of the Great Outdoors. At times there are sounds akin the Grofe's *Grand Canyon* suite. It is of particular value that the score should have been recorded by Tiomkin with the fine Santa Cecilia orchestra of Rome. (London 12-inch LP Mono HAT 2258 35s. 9½d.)—**ROD HUME.**

NEW BOOKS

Wicked Biography

THE Erroll Flynn death-bed biography, serialised in a Sunday newspaper, has now appeared in book form . . . *My Wicked, Wicked Ways* (Heinemann 21s., 386 pages). It's a pretty long biography for someone who contributed comparatively little to the world except fifty swash-buckle films. Unimportant? Perhaps not, for Flynn was certainly a great entertainer and this book sets out to do no more than dress up incidents in his life to entertain in the same brash manner of his films. My main complaint about the book is that the trivial sex exploits are all so boring; which is my main complaint about many films.—**MARTIN GRAY.**

Personality of the Month

Peter Finch: Britain's Best

THE pressures on the successful film actor are very great; type-casting with its corroding influence of repetition, the tireless cult of personality, are snares from which only a handful manage to escape. With his recent performances Peter Finch joins that exclusive little group who are actors as well as stars. Probably no one is more grateful than the actor himself, who recently declared "I don't want to be stuck in a naval cap up on the poopdeck".

Although many people become aware that an actor had come amongst us when Finch first appeared on the London stage as the humourless young Polish student in *Daphne Laureola,* it was not until *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* that his extensive range was fully demonstrated.

Born in London on 28th. September, 1916, Peter Finch spent most of his years until 1947 in Australia. Beginning his acting career in 1935 with a fit-up company travelling Queensland and New South Wales with a portable tent theatre, he graduated to radio and by the time he was 23 had twice won the annual award as Australia's top actor. After serving as a gunner in the Australian Army he organized a company to tour Shakespeare and Molière to canteens and factories. Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, in Australia with an Old Vic company, saw him in *Le Malade Imaginaire* and suggested he go to London.

This was the turning point of his career. In London he had a short, but fairly distinguished, stage career—the shambling professor in *Captain Carvallo,* Iago to Orson Welles monumental Othello, a notable Mercutio at the Old Vic but, following his screen debut in *Train of Events* in 1951, films have occupied most of his time.

In the next few years he appeared in 14 films, of which the most notable were *A Town Like Alice, Battle of the River Plate,* and *Windom's Way* but his roles, although varied, neither extended his range as an actor nor exploited his possibilities as an international star. Zinnemann with *The Nun's Story* was the liberating influence.

His performance as the sardonic doctor had intelligence, subtlety, and a surprising depth of feeling hardly present in the writing and the same qualities, including his ability to suggest toughness without brutality, made his performance as Alan Breck in *Kidnapped* into something more than the conventional swashbuckling hero.

There is, in all his work, an element of detached imagination which allows him to observe the idiosyncracies of character in a style somewhat similar to that of Michael Redgrave. His portraits are full of carefully conceived surface detail but, unifying all his recent performances, is the sense that there is more to a man than meets the eye, the deep sense of dedication which is the common factor in all his latest roles—to medicine in *The Nun's Story,* to the lost cause of the Stuarts in *Kidnapped,* to Oscar Wilde's belief in his philosophy of life. After the conventional clichés of so much modern screen acting this approach is more than welcome.

RICHARD WHITEHALL

CHINA DISCOVERY

23rd August - 4th September

This will be the first major showing in London of films from the Chinese Republic. The films are not only interesting in themselves but they offer an unrivalled opportunity for a further knowledge of what life is like in this, the newest of the great world powers.

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Ya Gotta Have Heart

By ALAN STANBROOK

Two periods, two directors . . . both with something in common. Both periods of social conscience, both directors able to say things of importance . . . with a light touch. Their names ? Capra and Quine.

ONCE upon a time Mr. Deeds went to town and Mr. Smith to Washington and Frank Capra was the director most likely to succeed. In the post-depression years of the thirties he captured the mood and aspirations of millions of Americans and won a large following in this country through his homely philosophy of the eccentric winning out against those in power and authority.

As the years passed, however, and war in Europe became imminent, Capra grew self-conscious of his mission to further tolerance and love among men. What had been joyously intuitive in *It Happened One Night* and *You Can't Take It With You* became dull and didactic in *The Lost Horizon*. The film's philosophy, from Hilton's best-selling novel, was of the pie-in-the-sky, escapist variety, postulating an earthly, materialised Utopia where nobody ages because strife is non-existent. The foundation of the society rested in the belief that want alone causes greed, which the natural abundance of Shrangri-La automatically rendered inoperative. Unfortunately the premise is untrue: frequently greed and ambition derive from the frailty of humanity rather than any specific need. Those who have are often more covetous than those who have not. Capra had become messianic and the rôle did not suit him.

Return to Form

Just recently, after nearly a decade of inactivity in the cinema, Capra has given us his new film, *A Hole in The Head*. Recalling its unsatisfactory predecessor, *Here Comes The Groom*, and other half-successes of the late forties just prior to his emigration to television, one is bound to acknowledge an encouraging return to form. In many respects it is in a direct line from his past achievements. The philosophy is recognisably founded in the hopes of the common man: hopes of happiness and wealth and the right to lead one's life after one's own laws. Capra's films have always captured the rhythm of life despite the professional veneer, and it is this which has made him a respected figure with the intellectuals and the populace alike.

Yet there are signs of deterioration notwithstanding. The warmth and humanity of the early Capra are prone today to glide into sentimentality. The plot, of course, does not help, being a story of a father's affection for his small son. The basic cliché has been a reliable fall back for many years. *My Pal Gus*, with Richard Widmark as Frank Sinatra, was one of the most glaring of fairly recent examples. *A Hole in The Head* is no less mawkish in its treatment, incorporating a sickly infant who converses in soliloquies with the Deity. The film is happiest in observing the behaviour of the adults, which is executed with much wit and a perfect sense of timing. But the closing scene, of the principal members of the cast dancing along the shore into the sunset, rings an all too familiar note of blind optimism. None of their problems is really resolved. Sinatra is still broke and the future will need something more concrete than a chocolate box sunset if all is to go well for him. Where Capra's early heroes succeeded by dumb-ox integrity, Sinatra's rôle in *A Hole in The Head* is that of a scapegrace, living off the interest from tomorrow's investment.

With Capra in decline and Cukor more concerned now with the wildness of the wind than with Adam's rib, it might be thought that American comedy had become senile. But these past few years have seen the gradual emergence of a director who has occupied the vacant chair and taken over the cause of the common man where Capra left off. Ten years ago Richard Quine was directing second rate musicals to exploit the personalities of Frankie Laine and Billy Daniels—films like *Sunny Side of The Street* and *Rainbow Round My Shoulder*. Given stronger material in two small budget gangster films, *Drive a Crooked Road* and *Pushover*, he established himself as a director of promise, capable of working on feature products. His amiable personality not in sympathy with melodrama, he returned to the musical and directed two lively, feature length works in *My Sister Eileen* and *So This Is Paris*. From these he progressed to straight comedy, in which field he has remained and produced a body of comedy work comparable to that of Capra, Preston Sturges and Cukor.

Indeed, to be more particular, he adopted the film career of Judy Holliday from Cukor, who, after introducing her in *Adam's Rib* and developing her talent in *Born Yesterday*, *The Marrying Kind* and *It Should Happen To You*, has abandoned her in favour of Ava Gardner in *Bhowani Junction* and a Sophia Loren western.

Classic Cameo

The Solid Gold Cadillac, made by Quine in 1956, is one of the best instances of contemporary American humour. The *pièce de résistance* is Paul Douglas' recitation scene in which he delivers a speech of *Spartacus to The Gladiators*, replete with inappropriate gesture to every line. This, in itself, is one of the classic cameos of American comedy, worthy of comparison with Danny Kaye's brilliant parody *Manic Depressive Presents . . . in Up In Arms*. Almost its peer is the hilarious finale, in which a board of directors vote for, second and pass motions that have never been enunciated.

As a comedy director Quine has an inspiration for timing. His films are executed with great enthusiasm, pace and *panache* but, if this were all, he would be merely a polished craftsman. What distinguishes him is his respect for people—ordinary, honest people who believe in simple values like love and freedom. This appears most strongly in *Full of Life* and *It Happened to Jane*. Quine's villains are always corrupt businessmen, his heroes their none-too-bright but intuitive employees. In *The Solid Gold Cadillac* his treatment of Laura Partridge and her secretary Amelia reveal his sentiments from the start. In the sub-plot of the secretary's love for her boss he is not afraid to wear his heart on his sleeve. His disregard for conventional aversion to sentimentality becomes wholesome because it is so clearly genuine. His belief that people can be nice if you look far enough and give them a chance is what makes his work of more permanent value than the rather limited comedy vein in which he has elected to work. He is as personable a director as his gentle attitude deserves.

His next film with Judy Holliday, *Full of Life*, was less successful but contained many of the qualities of his best work. One is reminded very strongly of the early Minnelli in assessing this film. Here again one finds the provincial, small town touch of *Meet Me in St. Louis*, the warmth and tenderness that can so easily lead to sentimentality. Quine largely avoided this danger by sympathy and tact in the direction of the actors. From Richard Conte and Judy Holliday he obtained warm, attractive performances which persuade us of their authenticity and from Esther Minciotti, the mother from *Marty*, he obtained something even more humane and moving.

Shooting much of the film in soft focus to emphasise the effect of kindliness and generosity, Quine was able partially to conceal the excesses of the script. When it takes a Catholic turn in mid-stream the sentiment becomes too consciously transfigured as a benign priest effects an improbable reclamation of his lapsed lamb. The film is very much a qualified success, redeemed by its director's admirable sense of proportion.

Comedy of Witches

Curiously, it is precisely this quality of humanity that led Quine astray in his only considerable failure to date. In filming John Van Druten's Christmas comedy of witches, *Bell, Book and Candle*, Quine mistook the mood and stressed the story's humane undertones, hidden behind the fantastic superstructure. Consequently the realistic acting exposed the nonsensical plot and the comedy became heavy-handed.

A surprising fault was the colour photography of James Wong Howe. A master of monochrome, Wong Howe's response to the colour camera, both here and in *The Old Man and The Sea*, has been too garish. The expert lighting, which so brilliantly underlined the diamond glitter of Mackendrick's *Sweet Smell of Success*, tended towards the sinister in *Bell, Book and Candle* and hence, as much as Quine's direction, played against the mood of the story.

The dazzling cast list, so promising on paper, proved less satisfactory in practice because the players too were encouraged to play down any tendency to extravagance, so clearly demanded in a non-realist subject of this nature. Ernie Kovacs, for example, deliberately played the drunken author straight—an excellent and unconventional portrait of a permanent inebriate as befuddled rather than incapable. Yet in this case realistic detail was not required and the acting was on too small a scale for the expansiveness of the part. The same criticism applied to Jack Lemmon's warlock and Kim Novak's witch. Lemmon never suggested anything but an immature prank-

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The Actor and his Mask

By ANTHONY QUINN

(in a recorded interview)

A DIRECTOR has an enormous effect on an actor's career. I have learned a lot from them: I have benefitted enormously from good directors, and I've even learnt from bad directors. Certainly directors have guided me, so I can say that I am enormously indebted to them.

People like Elia Kazan, Danny Mann, Martin Ritt, George Cukor, Vincente Minnelli, Federico Fellini, J. Lee Thompson, all influence your acting and your style of acting. I don't know to what degree they influence the style particularly, because I think an actor develops his own style, but I think these are definite influences on his style.

What do you look for first when you are handed a script to read?

Well first of all I look at the total effect of the picture in terms of its content, and whether what the picture has to say interests me or not. I must admit that heretofore I have been very intent upon the content of a picture, and what it has to say in social, emotional and entertainment terms. Then, naturally, I look to see what kind of part I'm playing in the picture; whether I think I can contribute anything and how many colours there is to the part. But I would say that content has been my main interest.

Is there any particular type of film that you prefer making?

I think you can generalise about the type of picture you like the best. I'd say that I like the realistic school the best, I feel I have more to contribute to it than to just sheer escapist entertainment.

Which do you find the more tiring, to do a big spectacle or to act in a domestic drama?

I have done very few, as you call them, domestic dramas. *La Strada* was not a domestic drama.

I certainly find big spectacles very exhausting to do because the actor becomes more or less a puppet in them. He is subject to the story and to many other things, and he can make a very small contribution to it.

I think *The Black Orchid* and *Hot Spell* would come under the domestic drama heading but they again were the realistic school which I like and I can definitely relate to it. I think it is foolish to think that an actor always has the choice, after all it is a job. I have five kids and a home to support, and I can't always choose what I do, I must sometimes act as a job. I think as a matter of fact one does one's work when one approaches acting as a job. I think that the public tends to think that actors are kind of arty people who pick and choose. Well that's all well and good after a while when you have become a big star and you are in the position to pick and choose. Until a couple of years ago I had never been in the position to pick and choose; so many pictures I had to take simply because I needed a job.

What sort of part have you in Guns of Navarone?

It's the part of a Greek guerilla leader. He was formerly a colonel in the Greek army, but since the invasion of the German forces the Greek Army had disbanded, so now he attaches himself to a small group of English and American soldiers on a mission to the island of Navarone. He's a very strong, again a very realistic kind of character.

ANTHONY QUINN

Photo: KEN D NVERS

Do you think people will tire of war films?

That is not my business, unfortunately. I am just an actor, I have nothing to do with, and have never been involved in, the business of motion pictures distribution and what the market is. I feel there are people much more eminently qualified for that than I am.

I think that the war story, like the Western, is a wonderful framework for character study, simply because I think that any story, like the Western and war story, that has a simple objective, that is to win the war or to get the objective done, is much easier for an audience to follow and to relate to.

Will you direct another film?

I definitely think I'll direct another picture, but it will probably be quite some time before I do. I enjoyed directing *The Buccaneer*, but I consider that the subject matter of *The Buccaneer* was completely outside my realm.

Audience Demands

In a sense I think this is something to do with audiences because with *The Buccaneer* I tried to make (even in the spectacular terms) a realistic picture about pirates. But there are certain preconceived notions about a certain genre of film: the Western, the war story or the spectacular films like pirate pictures. Audiences do not want them tampered with, and they're not terribly interested in any new approach towards a certain classification of film.

My belief is that a man can only really create from his own environment something that he really knows, and I think that I definitely would like to direct a realistic drama, since I am directly related to a form of realism and have very little in common with escapist literature or escapist entertainment. I have never considered myself an entertainer although I admire entertainers.

Do you like the man-against-nature theme?

Well, it is one theme. Certainly man against nature is the primary conflict in our lives although we have forgotten it now with all the other issues of civilisation. I still think the basic conflict is man against nature, whether it be nature in the sense of the elements, or whether it be of the human nature. I think that this is the basic conflict of man and of course I think that any picture that deals with this is bound to have an effect on people if people can relate to it.

Do you think that this type of film is going to be more difficult to set up now that the major companies are swinging over to the big expensive films?

Yes, I definitely agree with you that these are not the kind of pictures that the major companies are doing now, but that again comes under the heading of distribution. I'm not interested in whether a thing I do is distributed in the large theatres or in the small theatres. *La Strada,* probably the one picture that has had the greatest effect on my life, did not have a major release, but still the effect it had on people, the impact it had on the world has done me a tremendous amount of good and I think has done my soul a lot of good. So how the picture is distributed, or what the method of distribution is, is not something that interests me terribly. However I do think that the stories with these realistic themes are going to have a much smaller public now. I think that the changing method of distribution will also change the method of projecting these films. I think that we're going to go into pay-tv very soon and that the whole formula of picture selling will then change.

Which do you think has been your best film part to date?

Well, strangely enough it has nothing to do with the pictures that have been most successful. I've been rewarded by the Academy Awards for a couple of performances that I've done, however to me they were not the best acting I did.

I did a little picture, which took twelve days to shoot, called *The Man From Del Rio,* which I thought was one of the best

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pieces of acting I've ever done. I think one of the best pieces of work I have done objectively was in *Hot Spell* with Shirley Booth, but the film didn't receive much attention.

For an actor, or for any artist, I think that sometimes a successful work is not the work that he most admires. I must say that the exception to this was *La Strada*, which I enjoyed enormously and also happened to be a great artistic and financial success.

What is Fellini like to work with?

Fellini is really and truly one of the few genius' I have ever worked with. He's a man who inspires an actor enormously and he fills you with the sense that you're playing something important. You feel when you are doing a picture with him that you are involved in some kind of a classic motion picture.

I think that as a director he had every right to demand that I use every inch of myself and all my energies. Any actor will tell you that that kind of demand he welcomes, because most actors spend their lives playing it safe rather than taking a chance because they don't have an absolute trust in the man who's watching them. Most actors suffer from a terror of over-acting, so instead of giving too much they give too little because they don't trust the eye that's out there in front of the camera.

How did you like working with Kazan?

Kazan is a very dynamic, very imaginative man. He is one of the most demanding directors I have ever worked with. But again, you welcome that kind of demand. I think he's a man who likes certain colours in acting and in his pictures. One finds it very exciting to be in one of Kazan's films because you know it's going to be an important picture. I think he's one of the few directors that has something to say.

I find that the majority of directors are not interested in making any statement and are only interested in making a commercial, escapist film. And I must say that that is not very inspiring for an actor.

Do you think it's a bad thing for an actor to work with a director too many times?

Not at all. After all to a great extent it's a certain kind of a love affair that happens between an actor and a director. Like all great creativity, the more love involved (and I mean this in the creative sense) the better the product.

If an actor and director find a wonderful combination of rapore and each one brings the best out in the other, I think they should go on working as long as that stimulation remains.

I know that I would give anything to work with Kazan or Fellini or Danny Mann or any of these men that I have been aspired by. I think that if I did another picture with Kazan, I think that I would, because of the experience that I've had, be of much more use to him as an actor now and probably be able to contribute much more.

Would you like to work in Mexico?

Mexico had a great industry about twenty years ago, when they had some brilliant directors. As a matter of fact they have a few brilliant ones now, such as Buñuel. However, I think that they have a tough nut to crack in being so close to America and all the powerful distribution companies of America, and it must be a tough battle to try to fight that big industry of America.

Unfortunately I've always felt that with Mexico most of their pictures dealt with very regional subjects and they didn't seem to me to be concerned with international subjects, and I felt that in this way they limit themselves tremendously.

They became obsessed with the pictures about the Revolution, and I think that one has to forget the Revolution for the time being and go on to new problems, new problems of a new world.

I have great dreams of someday going back to Mexico and being part of the industry there. Although I've worked in Mexico as an American actor, I've never worked there as a Mexican actor. And though I was born in Mexico and speak Spanish probably better than I speak English, I have found myself acting in Italian, acting in French, but never in Spanish.

Will you become a producer?

I doubt it. I have very little inclination towards the business end of motion picture business: I have very little patience with it.

Do you do much stage work now?

Not as much as I'd like to. Unfortunately in America the stage and pictures are separated by 3,000 miles. It's not like London where an actor can work on the stage and in pictures at the same time. I think an actor should spend one-third of his time on the stage and two-thirds of his time on the screen.

The last play I did was eight years ago, but I love the stage and I think that having been in London and seen a lot of stage plays it has revitalised my interest in going back on the stage.

Do you consider modern plays to be very limited in scope?

There seems to be some terrible fear of making statements. Modern writers all seem to be shying away from making statements. My whole upbringing was that art should make some kind of statement. But lately, what with modern expressionist type of painting, abstract art, it seems to me that everybody's shying away from making statement. There's a whole philosophy abroad now that one should not make statements, and that one should shy away from statements. And I think that's one of the reasons why stage plays are kind of thin.

Maybe I'm wrong, perhaps one shouldn't make a statement, perhaps one should entertain, amaze and amuse people and really let them walk out of the theatre with nothing. I was always under the impression that people should walk out of a theatre enlightened, or even confused, but at least have something to think about. But it seems to me that now the theatre is just to mesmerise you and kind of put you to sleep about your responsibilities to yourself and to humanity. That is not my kind of theatre, or my kind of motion picture.

It's quite possible I'm wrong. I know that I saw a play the other day which was very interesting to watch. I didn't quite enjoy it because I didn't know what I was supposed to look at or enjoy, and when I left the theatre I was completely confused. Yet much to my amazement I found many many people who think it's a brilliant piece of theatre.

I would much rather watch theatre or motion pictures that have something to say even though they might not say it terribly well, but at least I appreciate the attempt.

It's no different to sitting down to a conversation with a person. You feel with some people they say nothing brilliantly and other people try to say something but they say it poorly. I'd rather be around an inarticulate good human being who's trying to accomplish something in life, and who's trying to find the answer, than around a brilliant speaker who has nothing to say.

INFLUENCE: Anthony Quinn considers La Strada *to be the film that has had the most influence on himself. Directed by Federico Fellini, he co-starred in this with Giulietta Masina. Photo: Unitalia*

REWARD: His portrayal of the artist Paul Gauguin in Lust For Life *won Quinn an Oscar for the best supporting actor of the year. He played opposite Kirk Douglas, who portrayed Van Gogh. Photo: M.G.M.*

WIDOWER: Quinn proved himself to be a very versatile actor with his sensitive portrayal of a widower who comforts the widow (Sophia Loren) of a gangster, in The Black Orchid. *Photo: Paramount*

BERLIN 1960

A Festival Review by CYNTHIA GRENIER

HIGH moral principles and aggressive propaganda marked, and ultimately severely marred, the Tenth Berlin Film Festival. The Berliners take their festival with a terrifying seriousness. None of the light-hearted, frivolous side of Cannes or Venice here.

Berlin, as the showcase of the Western world, had set out to demonstrate, according to the statements of Mayor Willy Brandt, that its festival was not just for the major film producing countries but was also for those small, underdeveloped, often non-committed countries. Africans and Asians abounded, adding considerable colour in their saris and robes about the grey streets of Berlin. Unfortunately their films, many in number and interesting as they might be as social or ethnological documents, had little place in what is nominally a major film festival, ranking with Cannes and Venice.

For this reason, the bulk of the competitive films can be dismissed fairly briefly, reducing the number of entries meriting discussion to some eight or nine. Films like Moral Rearmament's *Men of Brasil*, Thailand's *My Slave*, Finland's first musical comedy, India's story of a nun, and Pakistan's message on village democracy, are unquestionably well-meaning in intent, but intent alone hardly makes a good film.

Perhaps the simplest way of commenting on the positive side of the Festival films is to pass the awards in review. The Golden Bear went to Spain's *Lazarillo de Tormes*. This surprised everyone, and its announcement was received in stony silence. Critics and public alike had more or less tagged the Spanish entry as the most likely winner of the Catholic OCIC award. Directed by the relative newcomer Cesar Ardavin, the film follows the picaresque adventures of a young lad through 16th-century Spain. Based on a famous classic there was excellent material for a good film. And on occasion Senor Ardavin catches perfectly the feeling of the period, making splendid use of the Spanish landscapes of Castile, and of the old streets of Salamanca and Toledo. Unfortunately, the story is heavily dosed with sentimentality, and the young actor in the principal role is a round-cheeked Hollywood-style darling instead of the lean, wily youth called for by the story.

TOP AWARD: The Golden Bear of Berlin went to Cesar Ardavin's Lazarillo de Tormes *(Spain), which follows the adventures of a young lad through 16th-century Spain.*

Convincing the Jury

Rumours were rampant that the twenty member Spanish delegation had put in many long hours of work convincing the jury of the importance that a Golden Bear would have for the Spanish movie industry. Certainly in terms of critical and popular reaction, Great Britain's *The Angry Silence* rightfully deserved the top award. Significantly, the audience barely applauded any of the awards until the OCIC and the FIRPRESCI (international critics' jury) for the first time gave their awards to the same film, *The Angry Silence*. Then actor-producer Richard Attenborough and scriptwriter Bryan Forbes received a tremendous lengthy ovation when they went up on the stage to receive their awards.

Of the other awards, France seemed to come off best, carrying away the Silver Bear (second prize) for a 'new wave' comedy, *Les Jeux de l'Amour* (*Games of Love*), directed by Philippe de Brocca; the award for best direction to Jean-Luc Godard for *A Bout de Souffle* (*Breathless*); best actress award went to Juliette Mayniel for her relatively small role in the German film, *Kirmes;* and best short subject to *Le Songe des Chevaux Sauvages*, of Denys de la Colomb. The remaining prizes went to the United States, for the best acting performance—(male)—Fredric March in *Inherit the Wind*; and to Holland for the best documentary, Herman van der Horst's *Faja Lobbi*.

Games of Love, which was the opening film of the Festival in the big handsome Kongresshall on John Foster Dulles Allee, is a froth-light tale of the capers of three engaging young people in Paris. Suzanne (Genevieve Cluny) wants to marry Victor (Jean-Pierre Cassel), who has been living with her in her left-bank antique shop for the past two years, and raise a brood of children. Victor is perfectly content with the status-quo. *Games of Love* could be dismissed rather easily as being below Festival par were it not for the presence of an extraordinarily gifted young comic actor in the person of Jean-Pierre Cassel. Impeccably light, expert, graceful, witty, thoroughly masculine, young Cassel is one of the best things to happen to French films in many a year.

A Bout de Souffle is, to employ a beatnik term, the farest out of the 'new wave' films. Largely shot with a hand camera, available light, natural settings and improvised dialogues, it has the air of nothing so much as a home movie. Curiously enough, it seems that its very amateurism lends it an air of daring novelty, and the rather pretentious nihilism of the scenario gives it the right to be termed the voice of our age by many European critics. Jean-Luc Godard, age 29, frail, always hidden behind dark glasses, claims to have spent most of his youth in movie houses avidly enjoying American films. Unfortunately, his early tastes appear all too obvious here in his story of a kind-hearted police murderer. The principal actor, Jean-Paul Belmondo, with his broken nose and prognathous jaw, has a certain undeniable attraction. Other films have revealed him to be an accomplished actor as well.

THE YEAR'S BEST

Golden Bear of Berlin—*Lazarillo de Tormes* (Spain)

Silver Bear for Best Direction—Jean-Luc Godard (*A Bout de Souffle*) (France)

Silver Bear for Best Male Performance—Fredric March (*Inherit the Wind*) (United States)

Silver Bear for Best Female Performance—Juliette Mayniel (*Kirmes*) (West Germany)

Documentaries

Golden Bear for Best Feature Documentary—*Faja Lobbi* (Holland)

Golden Bear for Best Short Documentary—*Le Songe des Chevaux Sauvages* (France)

Real Content

The German film, *Kirmes*, directed by Wolfgang Staudte, was, along with *The Angry Silence* and *Inherit the Wind*, about the only picture in the festival to have some sort of real content to it. Handsomely shot by Georg Krause who was responsible for the camera-work on Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, *Kirmes* sets out to show that the same people who were the responsible town officials in Hitler's day, loyal and obedient Nazis, are still holding the same posts today. The long, enthusiastic ovation in the Zoo Palast for the film might have been more meaningful if a few nights later the same audience had not applauded with equal warmth a rather different film which also touched on Germany and the war, *Under Ten Flags*.

This film, produced by Dino de Laurentiis in Italy, is a simple paeon to the intelligence and goodness of one heroic German naval captain during the last war. The British Navy, as represented by Admiral Charles Laughton, is shown to be thoroughly chuckle-headed and bumbling, delighting the Berlin audience no end. The captain, played by Van Heflin, is shown to be a veritable saint; saving women, children and little dogs, protecting Jews from Nazi officers on his staff, and winning the love and affection of all his prisoners. The anti-Nazi message of the film is delivered by pretty pin-up Mylene Demongeot, who was roundly laughed and hooted at by the Berlin audience. Although there seems to be considerable evidence that the actual man on whom the Van Heflin character

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Women, and Still More Women

Second Part of an analysis of Cukor's work for the Cinema.

By **JOHN HOWARD REID**

GEORGE CUKOR Photo: COLUMBIA

CUKOR'S lassitude is still apparent in his next assignment, again for Stromberg, *Susan and God,* also known as *The Gay Mrs. Trexel.* An uneasy satire verging on burlesque, it ended up as primarily a fashion show for Joan Crawford.

Susan and God represents a nadir in Cukor's career. It garnered neither critical praise nor public cash. Its predecessor, *The Women,* had achieved sixth place in the 1939 poll. But Cukor was to retrieve his reputation with his next film: *The Philadelphia Story* came third in the 1941 poll, earned Academy Awards for its star, James Stewart, its screen playwright, Donald Ogden Stewart, and a New York Film Critics' Award for Dr. Katherine Hepburn.

It appears that, after making *Holiday* with Cukor, the good doctor retired to her Connecticut home, where playwright Philip Barry sought her out and proposed bespoking a play to her requirements. She asked for a pseudo-sophisticated play with a glamorous, smart-talking leading role. With the backing of aviation magnate Howard Hughes, she bought an interest in the finished product, including sole movie rights. After whetting Hollywood's appetite with a year's run on Broadway, she followed up with six smash months on the road. Louis B. Mayer topped all offers by proposing that she write her own ticket. She demanded 175,000 dollars for the screen rights, in addition to her salary, as star, of 75,000 dollars. George Cukor was to direct.

There descends upon the Lords' Philadelphia mansion, a reporter, James Stewart, and a photographer, Ruth Hussey. Meaning no good for the Lords, these two have been sent from *Spy,* the peeping-picture magazine that is sister to *Dime* which tells all "in that snide, corkscrew English".

Breezy Opening

This breezy opening, with its swift editing and rapid tracking, is built upon the same formula as *The Women.* Thereafter both pace and camera bog down in a welter of over-long dialogue. Cukor should have remembered that only brooks in poems can go on for ever without someone beginning to yawn and wonder whether it is the suspense or just his underwear that is climbing.

Moreover, the film, like the play, errs occasionally in matters of taste; and its author makes his characters do and say some incredible things: The boob move of the writer's proposing at the wedding night might have been cut. In all, about half-an-hour's worth of footage could be removed to advantage.

Still, it did have its moments: Stewart deserved his Academy Award. One wishes that his part were extended. And we could also have seen more of Roland Young and Henry Daniell. Indeed, with the exception of Dr. Hepburn, the entire cast was superior to that engaged for Charles Walter's 1957 remake, *High Society,* a vulgar film by any standard.

It has been widely mooted that Dr. H. should have received the Academy Award for her performance, and that she lost out to Ginger Rogers because of pressure from the RKO group she had antagonised in the 'thirties. Certainly Miss Hepburn was chastised for her previous behaviour by a minority section of the public press. It was recalled that she had read her mail while sitting on the curb of the RKO lot, dangling her feet in the gutter. Cukor sprang to her defence. He stated that she sat on the curbstone "because studios do not provide benches for stars whose feet hurt. This activity to-day would hardly cause the lifting of an eyebrow, being considered quite normal. This is merely offered in evidence that Hollywood has at last gained some of the naturalness that Miss Hepburn always has had".

Cukor also said that he would "never forget the day" back in '32, when "Miss Hepburn came into the studio to make tests for *A Bill Of Divorcement.* She impressed me with her freshness, spirit, and also because she was one of the oddest-looking girls I had ever seen. She was wearing an arty, eccentric dress which she afterwards admitted was supposed to make us all take notice. She had gotten something in her eye, which was blood-shot. She was self-possessed, a bit patronising, and a little silly, giggling like a college girl one moment and being superior the next. When she was shown her costumes for the picture, she expressed decidedly emphatic opinions about them, mostly negative".

None the less, Cukor had seen through these externals to the "rare charm and innate nobility" of her being.

Before Miss Hepburn had negotiated *The Philadelphia Story,* Cukor has been signed to direct Norma Shearer and Robert Donat in an adaptation of Jane Austen's romance, *Pride and Prejudice.* Before shooting commenced, Cukor was called away to Philadelphia. He was replaced by Rogert Z. Leonard, while Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier filled the roles originally intended for Shearer and Donat.

Because of the phenomenon of success *The Philadelphia Story* had conjured at the box-office, Mayer was anxious to cast Hepburn in "something similar". But as no suitable script could be found immediately, Cukor was asked to direct the Joan Crawford, *A Woman's Face,* a remake of a Swedish melodrama that had originally starred Ingrid Bergman as the "heroine" of Francis de Croisset's play. *Il Etaia Une Fois* (*Once Upon A Time*), about a disfigured female criminal rehabilitated by plastic surgery. Thirteen writers, including Christopher Isherwood and Donald Ogden Stewart, racked their brains on the screen treatment, managed to produce such lines as: "Do you like music—symphonies, concertos?" "Some symphonies, most concertos".

Cukor felt that this very banality exempted him from exercising his customary unobtrusiveness. He seized upon the opportunity to turn the film into an imaginative exercise in motion picture technique which would display his knowledge "of camerawork, lighting effects and other purely cinematographic devices" which he had publicly disclaimed.

Crawford in Prison

I feel that a knowledge of the story will be helpful in this case, and I therefore quote from a synopsis by Joel Greenberg: "As monstrous prison doors clang shut behind her, the camera follows behind Anna Holm (Crawford), her face hidden by a large black hat, as she is led into court on trial for murder. Witnesses at the trial give different versions of preceding events, shuttling back and forth in time, ingeniously unfolding the story of how Anna, embittered by the facial scar inflicted on her in a childhood fire, took to crime and became involved with the evil megalomaniac Torsten Barring (Conrad Veidt). Her appearance restored by a sympathetic doctor with whom she has fallen in love, she shoots Barring just as he is about to kill the little nephew whose death would bring him a fortune".

Mr. Greenberg continues: "Cukor seized the occasion for a number of vivid set-pieces: the famous sequence of the removal of the bandages after the operation is completely in silence; no dialogue at all is used in the cable-car scene in which Crawford is tempted to hurl Barring's nephew over the side, the whole emotional conflict being conveyed by cutting, natural sound, and facial expression . . . Robert Planck's shadow-filled lighting gave the film a consciously Teutonic air, while Conrad Veidt's Barring was unforgettably malign, his decadence indicated at his first appearance,

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A CHINESE ADVENTURE

In preparation for the Asian Film Season at the National Film Theatre, Jay Leyda, author of Kino, *examined the large number of Chinese films available to Soviet audiences and as yet unseen in the West. He records here his adventure in discovering a new Cinema.*

By JAY LEYDA

FIRST STRIKE: Ching Shan's Storm, *the finest of the new Chinese films, is based on circumstances of the first effective strike in modern Chinese history. It stars Tien Hua, best known for her role in* The White-Haired Girl, *and Ching Shan, who adapted the film from a successful stage play of his own.*

Photo: National Film Archive

THE National Film Theatre's Asian Film Season contains twelve new Chinese films; the first considerable display of the Chinese cinema, of any régime, to be seen in Western Europe. To what will they connect in our film-going experience? Will they have that distant enticing odour that we so recently have sensed in Japanese films? Or will their style or subjects remind us of their patron, the Soviet film industry?

New Chinese films can remind one of both links—and yet fully of neither. Behind their best films, that have a counternance all their own, can be found, as in any large film-producing country, ordinary films made with certain patterns, that in this case can show either orientalisms or conspicuous respect for Soviet models.

Of more importance on this level is a contradiction that Sir Herbert Read notes in other Chinese arts, past and present: a naiveté of content embodied in a sophisticated technique. Even the least of the new films has an accuracy of photography or colour, continuity or editing, that can make one expect too much. The dramatic content of current films is another matter; from a Chinese viewpoint it is, thematically, higher and more socially useful than the content of the ordinary European or American or Japanese film; from a western viewpoint it is less profound and more naive, especially in the unequivocal treatment of human virtues. A drama set in factory or commune may remind us, at the start, of familiar industrial or agricultural settings, but before it is over it has usually moved us into a strangely moral atmosphere, with the highest values placed on honesty and consideration for others, even in self-sacrifice, that seems quite distinct from other "normal" films, including those we see from the Soviet Union. A dominating question faced by all films produced in China is: "Will this film help the people who see it?" For most of the past ten years this help was in terms of education—education in everything from literacy and hygiene to working methods. If we had seen more of these films we would today know more about Chinese attitudes. Now that such help is interpreted more deeply and more personally, it seems even more incumbent on us to seize this unique means of studying both Chinese ideals and realities.

Individual heroism is stressed in these films, but never in isolation from a group or community. Such isolated heroism is sometimes shown with a dramatized development into mere bravado and, eventually, into evil. In a film of 1959 called *Moslem Guerillas,* two kinds of heroism are shown parallel—a good kind turning to society, and a wrong kind getting wronger and more selfish. Working in and for a group is the constant lesson, with individual talents, heroisms, initiatives assimilated therein. Ambition for one's self alone can be shown as criminal or as caricature. Another evil, though more correctable, is the shunning of companions' counsel or advice.

Even today few films are lacking in behaviour lessons—how an educated person should treat (and learn from) an uneducated person, how parents should treat children, and vice versa, how to be frank in the most inconvenient circumstances, how to distinguish between enemies who can be reformed and those beyond such hope, etc. Such lessons seem inevitably to lead to the risky method of type-casting (though this contradicts a broader principle of education and reform applied in reality), but only now are Chinese film-makers learning how to give such lessons not with one-dimensional figures but with truer characters. We and they have seen how, in a Soviet film, *Saltanat,* a similarly simple Kirghiz story made by Mosfilm in 1955, such lessons were more effectively taught by giving some individuality and body to the script's figures.

Polished Technique

As there is no doubt that all Chinese films are made for China and its needs, what can we outside China find in them beyond information? Though it is unfair to compare the normal Chinese film with the exceptional films in our world, we should make sure we are seeing their best. If the Chinese cinema has not yet found its Kurosawa or Bergman or Truffaut, it is doing something as necessary and as important. Film artists are emerging who see how to employ the now polished technique to express their personal attitudes to their nation's problems and history. And this seems to me a beginning, or a new stage, of the greatest encouragement and hope. It isn't often that we have the privilege of watching something exciting *about* to happen in the international film world.

To me the finest of the new films, and the most promising of the new directors, is *Storm,* by Ching Shan. "By" him means literally that, as it is his adaptation of his successful play in which he also acted the central role, as he does in the film. The action of *Storm* is based on the real circumstances of the first effective strike in modern Chinese history, of the railway workers on the Hankow-Peking line. What Ching Shan has done is to depart sharply from the naturalist norm by telling his story with more passion and suspense than could be gained, at least by him, with naturalism alone. He has used his long experience in both theatre and film to give bold theatrical accents, often from classic practice, to an essentially filmic style. It is chiefly in his own performance as the radical lawyer that we can see his method (as in those unreal but powerful pauses just before a gesture or movement), but the whole film has an unusually unified artistic style that should mean much in the futures of both Ching Shan and the Chinese cinema.

This is the stimulating fusion of the widely revered classic theatre with the modern film that we have hoped to see some day in Chinese films. In China the relations between the art of the theatre and the art of the film are more complicated than in the culture of any other country. To the young film industry there the theatre can be at once obstacle and inspiration, challenge and soporific. In the face of the obvious dangers, it seems a real victory to achieve such a fusion, in which all elements (even the colour, which was not the case in *New Year Sacrifice,* already seen in Britain) are subordinated to one dramatic aim and plan. A lesser but fascinating expression of the theatre's power is in the large number of unmanipulated film records of various forms of the classic Chinese theatre: not only Peking Opera, but also Szechuan, Fukien, and some remote forms brought back to life since 1949.

It was Ching Shan who, in 1947, made the first film at the first revolutionary film studio, organized at Changchun, in the former Japanese-occupied area. The beginning of this film, *Along the Sunghua River,* uses a totally unimitative poetic realism so purely that this seems to me a passage that will always be an ideal for Chinese film-makers. Earlier commerical films by Ching Shan, such as melodramas modelled on *The Phantom of the Opera,* give little hint of what this artist was capable, armed with the revolutionary fervour and freedom shown in *Along the Sunghua River* and *Storm.*

Another strong artist making an important

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WEST FRONT

By
RICHARD WHITEHALL

WESTFRONT 1918—Germany. 1930.
Directed by George Wilhelm Pabst. Scenario by Ladislaus Vajda from the novel 'Vier von der Infanterie' by Ernst Johannsen. Photographed by Fritz Arno Wagner and Charles Metain. Designed by Erno Metzner. Sound by Guido Bagier. Assistant direction Paul Calkenberg. Production by Nero-Tobis, Seymour Nebenzahl. First shown at the Capitol Cinema, Berlin, on 23rd. May, 1930. First shown in Britain by The Film Society on 6th. December, 1931. Distributed in Britain by The Film Society. Academy Cinema on 14th. August, 1932. Original length, 9,284 feet, 103 mins. ..... *The Bavarian,* FRITZ KAMPERS; *Fritz,* GUSTAV DIESSL; *The Student,* MANS JOACHIM MOEBIS; *The Lieutenant,* CLAUS CLAUSEN; *Yvette,* JACKIE MONNIER; *Karl's wife,* HANNA HOESSRICK; *Karl's mother,* ELSE HELLER.

The Story: Eleven uneasy semi-peaceful years had passed when G. W. Pabst made *Westfront 1918* and Lewis Milestone made *All Quiet on the Western Front,* dealing with the blood-stained agony of German soldiers during the closing stages of World War I. Both, re-created, with searing realism, a horror that time had not yet dimmed in men's minds.

"Pabst's treatment is concerned with the objective representation of selected and typical war experience on the part of four normal men. Particularly noticeable in a war film of this kind is the dispassionate and unrhetorical statement of incident. Although it is clear that no definite aesthetic theory actuates Pabst's work in this film there are, nevertheless, striking similarities to the doctrine of the New Objectivity prevalent in the sister arts of painting and sculpture in Germany in recent years, a method which seems to ensure an emphasis from within rather than without. Stark and plain statement gives a special value to incidents at home and in the field, and the calm managament of the ebb and flow of battle is perhaps the most convincing of modern war film achievement. Structurally the film is noteworthy for its quartet treatment of the four soldiers".(Film Society Programme Notes, 1931).

Milestone's film opens with a group of young men eager for war's glories. Pabst plunges straight into the thick of the chaos and the agony, his young men have already lost their youth. When the film opens there is a temporary lull in the fighting. The soldiers are in their billets. A few shells fall the lights go out. A crowded dugout is hit. Men rush to help. A blank screen is covered by the moans of the trapped men. Inside the dugout soldiers desperately push at the wooden props to shore the roof up. A man is blown out of the trenches by a falling shell. The weight of earth is slowly crushing down on those inside; their comrades claw away at the blocked entrance with trenching tools. A few are pulled out. The roof collapses.

Student Volunteer

A volunteer is needed to take a message to headquarters. The student volunteers. The camera tracks with him as he crosses the landscape of death—only the gaunt trunk of one broken tree is left standing in the grey monotony. The enemy see him, machine gun bullets spew around him. He falls among a spinney of rough crosses marking the newly dead. For a long time he lies still, then crawls on. He delivers the message. Later, with a French girl, he experiences his first night of love.

Next morning, on his way back to the trenches, the student meets Karl going on leave. But Karl finds there is no escaping the war. Food queues are everywhere. Karl hopes to surprise his young wife. He does. She is in bed with another man. Karl raises the rifle he has been taught to use. He wavers. On the table is a call-up notice. "You, too", says Karl, and lets the stranger go.

Returning to his company Karl finds the student has been killed by a French colonial soldier who, himself wounded, can be heard screaming from No Man's Land. The men go out on a reconnoitring mission. The French make a tank attack. The lieutenant rises, a screaming madman, from the midst of a pile of corpses. The Bavarian is wounded in the stomach. A ruined church, converted into a field hospital, is filled with and dying men. There is no chloroform left for amputations. Karl, on the point of death, has a vision of his wife. "We are all guilty, all of us", he says. The wounded French soldier lying by his side gropes for Karl's hand, but it is too late.

The Treatment: Paul Rotha in *The Film Till Now* devotes considerable space to an analysis of Pabst's silent film technique. "Pabst at his best, unhampered by limitations, uncut save by himself, is perhaps the one genius of the film outside Soviet Russia, approached, though in an entirely different manner, by Carl Dreyer, Chaplin, and Rene Clair. Both aesthetically and technically his work is of the first importance in the European cinema. Investigation of his method is difficult, complex, and hard to express in words. Pabst possesses a power of penetration into the deepest cells of human behaviour, and succeeds in psychologically representing the traits of his characters by filmic exposition. He is principally concerned with the deveopment and understanding of the intricacies of the minds of his characters, and lays open their mentality by employing every resource available to the medium in which he works."

The rhythm of Pabst's silent films had been built up on a multiplicity of cuts (Iris Barry once counted 40 in a three minute sequence of *Jeanne Ney*). Rotha examines this editing technique: "The cutting of *Jeanne Ney* was executed with such skill it seemed unoticeable. Every cut was made on

CAUGHT: Karl (Gustav Diessl), on eave from the trenches, returns home to find his wife (Hann Hoessrick) in bed with a butcher boy. For a moment he is tempted to use his rifle.

See-it-Yourself

This is the fifth in a series prepared in collaboration with the National Film Archive . . . a unique series because for the first time in film journalism you can actually see the films discussed by the experts.

If you want to see *West Front 1918* you can borrow a print from the Distribution Library, British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, London, W.1. Write for details today, mentioning FILMS AND FILMING.

In November, Dai Vaughan analyses *The Man with the Movie Camera.* You can book your copy of the film from the B.F.I. . . . now!

1918

Directed by G. W. PABST

LOST YOUTH: G. W. Pabst's Westfront 1918, *made eleven years after the First World War had ended, deals with the agony of young Germans suddenly flung into the battlefront, having sacrificed their youth. It was with this film that Pabst overcame the initial disadvantages of the sound film.*

actual movement, so that at the end of one shot somebody was moving, and at the beginning of the next shot the action was continued. The eye was thus absorbed in the movement and the actual transposition from one shot to the other became unnoticeable. Instinctively one recalled the overlapping cutting of *Battleship Potemkin*, and realised the similar aims of Eisenstein and Pabst in this respect."

In *Westfront* Pabst eliminated rapid cutting almost completely, although he continues to cut from shot to shot with the movement, only in the last two reels does the eloquent editing technique come into its own, with the quick cross-cutting as the two advancing forces hurl Mills bombs at each other, the variations of distance between close shot and medium long shot. Instead he reverts boldly to the moving camera, using it to capture those seemingly casual details which are so much part of his style. This was unusual in 1930, at a time when the camera was anchored in the middle of the studio, afraid to move in case a single word of dialogue should be missed.

Aid of Soundtrack

This was not, however, a reversion to silent film technique. Without any sort of fumbling he uses the soundtrack to aid the expressiveness of the content of his film; clearly he has overcome the initial disadvantages of the sound film, a remarkable achievement when one considers the problems he was up against.

There was no 'mixing' in Germany in 1930 (that is, the marrying of sound effects, music, and dialogue onto one track, controlled by the sound recordist). What the makers had to do was to print the sound effects and the dialogue track together in the film laboratory but, as there was no way of varying the volume of sound, part of the artillery barrage track had to be cut whenever anyone spoke—the explosions are put in between the words as it were. According to the assistant director Falkenberg, as many as five attempts had to be made before they achieved a completely successful synchronization. Admittedly this had advantages as well as disadvantages. Dialogue is held to a minimum—in the English version there are but seven explanatory titles—and where dialogue is necessary, as in Karl's scenes with his wife and mother, the background is completely silent.

Much use is made of travelling and tracking shots. In an early sequence the camera moves with a column of men approaching the front line at dawn; this movement is repeated again near the end, only this time the men are moving from the front line on a reconnoitring mission across No Man's Land. Again, when Karl and his wife are lying in bed together, instead of holding them in two-shot the camera moves from one to the other, underlining their emotional isolation from each other.

Pictorial Texture

With most German films of the period accent is on camera placement, each individual set-up carrying its atmosphere in the pictorial texture, an essential part of it (Sternberg's *Blue Angel*, also made in 1930, is a classic example), but Pabst is the super-realist, as early as 1927 he had been urging his cameraman, Wagner, to stick to natural light values. His images are always interesting, but there is no striving after picturesque pictorial arrangements; he once said in an interview with the novelist, Bryher, "What need is there for romantic treatment? Real life is too romantic, too ghastly."

There is one shot travelling with the student, past a group of men hammering rough crosses to an electric saw where wood is being sawn into convenient lengths. Many directors would be unable to refrain from turning this into a symbolic statement, with Pabst it is presented without rhetoric as part of the general atmosphere.

There is no lingering on war's horrors (of course the censorship might have something to do with this). Twenty people are reported to have fainted at the first performance in Berlin, but today our stomachs are not so queasy, we need to see a man having his head driven in with a stone—in close-up—as in *Kanal* before the audience flinches. The fight between the student and the French colonial soldier, which ends in a water-filled crater, is cut short where today, one feels, a director faced with such a situation would prolong it until he had extracted every last drop of horror and audience suspense—although here again, the censor rather than Pabst might be responsible.

Biographical—

G. W. PABST is one of the most baffling and controversial talents produced by the cinema. His prestige before 1932, his eclipse since, make him a difficult figure to assess. Born in Bohemia in 1885 he was the son of an Austrian railway official who had him educated in Vienna, intending him to be an engineer. Instead Pabst became an actor, making his début in Zurich in 1905. Two years later he went to Salzburg and Berlin and, in 1910, to New York where he worked as actor and director in the German language Deutsche Theatre. In 1914 he was caught in France on his way back to Germany to recruit new actors for the company, and spent the war years in an internment camp. In 1919 he went back to Vienna and became director of the experimental Neue Wiener Buhne.

Around this time he began to feel the cinema offered more scope than the theatre so, with the film director Carl Frohlich, he

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LULL: During a lull in the fighting Karl (right) talks on the edge of a shellhole with a young student (Hans Joachim Moebis), who has just experienced his first night of love—left.

DIRECT HIT: A crowded dug-out is hit by shell-fire, the roof collapses and the weight of the earth crushes down on those inside—right.

CHURCH HOSPITAL: A ruined church is converted into a field hospital for the treatment of the wounded, many of whom are dying.

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organized his own production company and made his film début acting in *In the Spell of the Claw* in 1921. His next two films, an adaptation of Schiller's tragedy *Kabale und Liebe* called *Luise Millerin*, and *The Scamp* had him doubling as script writer and assistant director, before he became a fully fledged director with *The Treasure* in 1923. The next year he directed the popular Henny Porten in *Countess Donnelli* and, with *The Joyless Street* (1925) made his reputation as a realistic observer of contemporary life.

A string of films followed. *Don't Play with Love* and *Secrets of a Soul* (1926), *Jeanne Ney* (1927), *Crisis* and *Pandora's Box* (1928), *The White Hell of Pitz Palu*, co-directed with Dr. Arnold Fanck, and *Diary of a Lost Girl* (1929), *Westfront 1918* and *The Eva Scandal* (1930), *The Threepenny Opera* and *Comradeship* (1931). This list contains at least seven films no historian of the cinema can ignore. Most of them have an element of social protest, although *Secrets of a Soul* was one of the first films to touch upon psycho-analysis. Prepared in collaboration with two doctors who had worked with Freud, it drew from C. A. Lejeune the comment that it was " too good a scientific document to be in the end a stimulating film."

Admired by French

A current joke had it that ' Pabst is the best French director. René Clair is the best German director,' because each was more popular in the other's country than in his own. Pabst's films were widely admired by the French, with *The Joyless Street* (a failure in Germany) running over two years in Paris; in Germany Pabst's left-wing views made him unacceptable to the Hugenberg industrial interests in control of the great Ufa combine, and he often had difficulty obtaining financial backing for his projects. In 1932 he went to France to make *L'Atlantide* in three separate language versions and, on Hitler's coming to power, made his headquarters in Paris.

A grotesque triple language *Don Quixote* (1933), shot in the South of France with Chaliapine, the celebrated Russian bass, playing the Don in all three versions, and George Robey cast as Sancho Panza in the English version, was completely chaotic—not surprising, as only 70 per cent. of the film was completed before the money ran out. A minor work, *De Haut en Bas* (1933), with Jean Gabin and Michel Simon, was followed by an abortive trip to Hollywood. After one film, *A Modern Hero* (1934) he returned to France and spun out the thirties with two insignificant melodramas, *Mademoiselle Docteur* (1936) and *Le Drame de Shanghai* (1938), and an unsuccessful film about a girls' school, *Jeunes Filles en Detresse* (1939), only remembered now because it gave Micheline Presle her first screen part.

In 1939, just before the outbreak of war and with a visa for America already in his pocket, Pabst returned to Austria. There have been a number of explanations of why he took this step but, whatever the true one, the damage to his reputation was disastrous. Rumour alleged his years in France had been spent as an agent of Otto Abetz, but those who spread the rumour never produced a shred of evidence to support it. Even those of his former friends who judge him most harshly do not ascribe Nazi sympathies to him (Pabst himself has done strangely little to quiet the controversy; he went to New York just after the war, and made several conflicting statements there).

For a time he lived in retirement in Austria but then, according to his friends, pressure was put upon him to resume work, on the principle that ' those who do not work with us, are against us,' but he avoided contemporary subjects, restricting himself to costume films; *Comedians* (1941) with Gustav Diessl (the Karl of *Westfront*) and *Paracelsus* (1943), a grandiose super-film shot in the Barrandov Studios in Prague. In 1944 he started shooting *The Mollander Case* in Prague, but this was abandoned because of the Russian advance on the city.

After the war Pabst was de-Nazified by the Austrian Government, and many said he was trying to work his passage when he chose *The Trial* (1947) as his first post-war film. Based on a notorious ' ritual murder ' trial that took place in Hungary in the 1880's, it was an attack on anti-Semitism but, far from being an attempt to rehabilitate himself, it was a subject for which he had tried to obtain backing well before the war.

Since then he has made many second rate films in Austria, Italy, and Germany, of which the best known is *The Last Act* (1955) a reconstruction of the last ten days of Hitler's life.

FRITZ ARNO WAGNER, the cameraman, was at that time, generally conceded to be one of Europe's finest technicians (" In my opinion he is the most skilled cameraman in Europe," Paul Rotha wrote in *Celluloid, the Film Today*. Born in Thuringen in 1880 he had settled with a business firm in Basle in 1908, but the following year he joined the Pathé firm in Paris as a newsreel cameraman. Dr. Murnau, the famous German film director, persuaded him into feature film work in 1921.

Wagner worked with the finest talent in the German cinema during its great period. For Murnau he photographed several more films including the well-known *Nosferatu*, a variation on the Dracula theme; for Arthur Robison he made *Warning Shadows*, but his reputation rests on the films he photographed for Pabst and for Fritz Lang. His association with Lang lasted through *Destiny, The Spy, M, The Testament of Dr. Mabuse*, while for Pabst he made *Jeanne Ney, Westfront, Threepenny Opera*, and *Comradeship*.

The relationship between director and cameraman is always a difficult one to define; how much Orson Welles owed to Gregg Toland on *Citizen Kane* will probably never be known, the Technicolour work of Jack Cardiff was always unmistakable no matter who the director. The collaboration between Pabst and Wagner had been a very close one, but was to end in bitterness.

Pabst wrote an article in which he said that the job of the cameraman was exclusively to create the mood of the scene through the lighting, he must not concern himself with the choice or arrangement of set-ups or camera movement, these were the prerogatives of the director. Wagner felt, very strongly, that his contribution to the success of Pabst's work had been an important one, and broke with the director.

Forgotten Musical

He continued to work in Germany right up till his death in 1958 except for a short break, in 1937, when he came to Elstree to do the lighting of a now almost forgotten version of Ivor Novello's musical, *Glamorous Night*. The only example of his later work this writer has seen, *Ohm Kruger*, the anti-British propagandist film about the Boer War, had all the bravura pictorial texture of his great films, but the quality of his directors had declined—Wagner was still the complete craftsman, but he was working in a vacuum.

Pabst chose his players for their types rather than their names for *Westfront*.

GUSTAV DIESSL was 32 when he played the part of Karl. He had begun his stage career at the Neue Wiener Buhne under Pabst's direction, and was to remain closely associated with the director during the remainder of his career. They both made first appearances on the screen in *In the Spell of the Claw* in 1921. Subsequently Diessl's good looks—he was never a particularly distinguished actor—brought him success on the Berlin stage.

His first important film was Pabst's *Crisis*, a film built around the beauty and talent of Brigitte Helm, and for the same director he played prominent parts in *Pandora's Box* and the mountaineering film *The White Hell of Pitz Palu*, with Leni Reifenstahl. *Westfront* was Diessl's first sound film, and led to a period in Hollywood under contract to

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On Being a Teenage Werewolf

—an interview

with **HERMAN COHEN**

HERMAN COHEN

Photo: ANGLO-AMALGAMATED

Why do you make horror films?

Well, for many reasons. I did a film called *Crime of Passion*, starring Barbara Stanwyck, Sterling Hayden and Raymond Burr a little over three years ago; and the picture died, it didn't do any business. So I took ten weeks off from Hollywood, toured the States, analysed what was happening to our industry, to the youth today, and much to my surprise I found that close to 72 per cent. of our audiences were between the ages of 12 and 26 years old. So, a good horror picture has always been successful . . . going back to the real great classics. So what I did I just added the teenager to horror and made what many people think was the first teenage horror picture which was *I was a Teenage Werewolf*. It grossed over two million dollars in less than a year of release. The cost of production was close to 150,000, so it was a very very big success, and from this it started a big rage of horror pictures.

Why do you think people, particularly 'teenagers, want to see this type of film?

Well not only teenagers actually, I gear my pictures towards the mass appeal which I said was 72 per cent. in the U.S. I believe in Britain close to 60 per cent. are between the ages of 12 and 26. And it's been growing all the time. Personally I don't think anybody—I don't care whether you're an adolescent, teenager, an adult —gets over the fear of fright, the fear of terror, and fear of the dark, and psychologists and psychiatrists claim that a good horror type of film in the supernatural vein is a very good outlet for anyone. It's a very healthy outlet. Disney does it in his films too . . . *Sleeping Beauty* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs;* all his films actually have a great deal of horror. There's a hell of a lot of horror in *Ben-Hur,* much more than I can get away with in an X-certificate; or *The Vikings,* when Kirk Douglas had his eye taken out. You analyse some of the biggest box-office hits, and in analysing the scenes that the film company sells to the public, it is the scenes that have a lot of guts and horror.

Do you think that people go to horror films to be frightened, or to laugh?

Well I'll tell you something. Now I'm doing a picture, *Konga,* which is the story of a botany professor who brings back this little chimp from Africa and various insectivorous and carnivorous plants. He learns that he can not only stimulate plant life, but he can stimulate animal life. And little Konga becomes a bigger chimp, then a gorilla and then he grows and grows and grows to 100 feet tall, smashing through the house and with a very big exciting climax. Now many scenes . . . these are all my original stories—

They're all originals?

—Yes. They are all my original stories that I've done in collaboration with a wonderful writer named Aben Kandel, he's done some very very fine things too, prior to his getting this horror kick.

Now *Konga* is more than a horror film; it's a science fiction, macabre mystery, and it's horror too. But I always make my horror pictures with tongue in cheek. In other words I know and I feel I definitely know my audience. I feel I know when the audience is going to laugh at me anyway, on the screen, so I'm really going to give them something to laugh at. At the same time if I want to frighten them I'll throw in a shocker where they'll scream.

They might laugh after they scream; and they'll laugh because they screamed. This is fine. And prior to wanting to be frightened I'll give them something to laugh at to relax them so they can release their nervous tension. They're completely relaxed because they've just laughed at something "Aw, it's this funny," then suddenly I hit them with a real clinker where they will scream.

There seems to be a great deal of psychology behind this.

There is, frankly. I've done many films. *Konga* is my thirtieth picture. I started producing when I was twenty-four, and I'm thirty-two now, so I've been producing for over nine years, and I've only made actually seven so-called horror type films, and since I started on *Teenage Werewolf* I've made quite a science of analysing the audiences, analysing our teenagers . . . throughout the world. I've done a great deal of travelling through Europe; but their likes and dislikes, what they want to do and do not want to do, are the same all over the world. I really believe that. The same type of music, the same type of jazz, the rock 'n' roll craze, the same type of clothes, they try to ape each other, from country to country, and the same type of films.

Don't get me wrong, it's not that they only want to see horror films; but I definitely think teenagers want to see something that they can identify themselves with on the screen.

Now in my horror pictures the crimes are always supernatural, committed through a supernatural act. The teenager never commits the crime or if he does it's under the influence of an adult and it's in a supernatural vein. In other words, they can't go out and duplicate something they've seen on the screen by turning themselves into a teenage Werewolf or into a teenage Frankenstein or into a teenage Konga; in other words there are never any shids or knives or that type of action. None of my teenagers drink, smoke or have illegitimate babies in my pictures, so actually it's good clean horror. That's exactly how I'd state it.

What sort of budget do you use for these films?

Well, *Konga* is a very expensive film. You see, at the time I did *Teenager Werewolf,* I made a film as I said for under 150,000 dollars (which is a little more than £50,000). you can't do that today, because so many producers have tried to follow the horror trend and the audience just won't go for something that is cheap. Today you must give them colour, 'scope, spectacle; you've got to give them more than just a crazy horror story. So *Konga* is costing close to 900,000 dollars, close to a million dollars really. This is very expensive because we. . . it's amazing. Phil Jacobs, our foreign sales manager, just returned from the Cannes festival and called me; and out of all the films they're representing right now, Anglo-Amalgamated here and American-International in the States, everybody wanted to know about *Konga,* whether it was Italy or Pakistan, Germany or Japan, South America, they were all asking when they can get *Konga.*

Do you think this is just a phase, or will it last?

It's not a phase, because let's go back and face the fact that if you do a mystery horror picture that has a gimmick to sell, it has to have . . . you can't fool the public. You can advertise something, give them a fantastic campaign, and have a big opening day: and they go in and if it's lousy you've had it. But if it's good and if you surprise them then, by word of mouth it builds and builds and builds. So in all my films, no matter what the cost is I always try to get the best cameraman. On my film now I've got Desmond Dickinson who was the cameraman of *Hamlet* and many of your biggest English films. So I always try to make a good picture professionally . . . you never see any camera booms or any technical fault in any of my films.

My last one that I did here in England,

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What WE Think

IN CAMERA

Mr. Billings and the Windbags

ONE of the most traditional figures in the British cinema world is R. H. Billings—'Josh' to everyone who knows him—who has probably reviewed more films in his lifetime than anyone in Wardour Street, or for that matter in any other street where screen entertainment is bought and sold. His views are respected in the trade and, like any writer in a free community, he has a right to his opinion, which he voices pungently if not pugnaciously in a weekly commentary in the trade paper *Kinematograph Weekly*.

In one such weekly commentary, for instance, he referred to a meeting of members of the film section of the Critics' Circle at which John Trevelyan, the secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, had discussed aspects of the Board's work. Mr. Billings wrote: . . . none of the critics came across with anything constructive or challenging. Obviously, you can't demolish the BBFC by bludgeoning it with windbags, which is just as well."

A few paragraphs later we find the same Mr. Billings with this to say: "*Suddenly Last Summer* (Columbia-British) is proving a terrific money-spinner. True, it's a queer film, but since its eerie eccentricities are paying off, who cares?"

Yes, who cares?

The tragedy of the film industry today is that is adopts the same cynical attitude of Mr. Billings. Whatever the public pays to see must be good, because it's good for the box office.

We have never suggested—as do some "long hair" publications—that the cinema should become an eccentric, esoteric art, appealing only to an intelligent minority. But, windbags or not, we insist that the industry must accept more responsibility for the kind of entertainment it often provides. And our main complaint against the British Board of Film Censors, a body appointed by the trade itself, is that it shows little sign of differentiating between the integrity of an artist with something to say and the cheap-jack sensationalism of many films (and we do *not* include *Suddenly Last Summer* in this category) which are only concerned with pornography for the sake of money.

And if Mr. Billings doesn't know the fims to which we refer we'll tell him . . . with the minimum of wind.

Getting to Know You

GALA FILMS is completing far-reaching production tie-ups with Japanese filmmakers. There may be a co-production in Britain as a result.

One thing is certain. When the National Film Theatre finishes its Chinese season, the Gala-Royal in Edgware Road will be ready to launch a Japanese season.

In 1960 West will certainly have little opportunity not to get to know East.

TWO months ago we warned the industry of the dangers in letting the club cinema movement get out of hand. We said: "We have now reached a situation where the British Board of Film Censors issues an X certificate which in effect means that the film is considered suitable for adults, while at the same time the clubs, making use of anachronisms in the law, are showing uncensored films (often the same films given an X by the Board, which *they* consider suitable for adults)."

Now, we are pleased to report, the Board has taken action. The secretary, John Trevelyan, told FILMS AND FILMING this month that in future the Board will keep strictly to a policy that a film can either be shown in a club, or have a certificate. It cannot have both.

This is a wise move. It immediately limits the commercial potential of the distributors handling club films, and at the same time it protects the integrity of the A, U and X grading system developed by the Board.

Mr. Trevelyan emphasises that the Board will not object to uncensored films having a limited club showing (one or two performances) as at the National Film Theatre.

But it is evident that the film industry is about to put its house in order. Which is a good thing, because there are signs that the club film movement is sinking already into the dubious realm of Soho strip-joints and "stag" movies.

Limiting Finance

I constantly find myself in trouble when meeting film-makers from the East and trying to explain why the Government-created National Film Finance Corporation will only promote "safe" British films. Everyone behind the Iron Curtain, not without reason, thinks the NFFC helps producers who get turned down by the commercial banks.

Now producers are confronted with even greater limitations on loans. In its auunal report for the year ending March 1960 the NFFC says: "In view to conserve its limited resources the Corporation, as foreshadowed in . . . its last report, has sought to keep its lending approximately within the amount of its anticipated receipts from repayments and shares of profits."

In 1958 it approved loans totalling £2,359,328 which slumped as a result of the new trend to £1,382,491 last year. This at a time when some British producers are struggling to create shape from the chaos of bad film-making of the last decade! What hope of survival have the makers of such films as *The Angry Silence* and *Saturday Night, Sunday Morning* when so little is done by Government agencies or commercial distributors to encourage the new and brave?

Rays of Hope

THE NFFC report has some rays of hope. Distributors are beginning to drop their demands that their investments are "first out" and are participating on a *pari passu* basis. Independent producers are putting more of their own money into their films. And top salary artists are reducing or deferring their fees.

But the Corporation says producers need to film more quickly and economically, technicians need to scrap restrictive practices, and cinemas have to become more comfortabe and pleasant places for seeing films if the industry is going to prosper.

And if the Corporation itself is going to continue without further Government money, it may have to limit its loans of "risk money" (which now count for two-thirds of loans approved). But perhaps "flutter money" would be a better phrase, for the Corporation admits that on these loans it expects to take a large share of potential profits.

But in the final analysis, it is surely wrong that a Government agency should be lending money for the making of pictures which could (or should!) look after themselves. Of course *The Angry Silence, The Entertainer* and *The Long the Short and the Tall* should be on the list. But what about productions like the Italian-French co-production of *The Savage Innocents* (which used British studio space), the pop comedies like *The Night We Dropped a Clanger*, or a film I have not seen listed thus: "Production Company—Cyril Jenkins

Flashback

SEPTEMBER, 1935: Actors aren't having it all their own way. The directors are also becoming expensive properties. George Cukor under a new agreement with David Selznick becomes the world's top paid director; he is guaranteed a salary of £50,000 for the new three years. Cukor is at present directing Katharine Hepburn in Sylvia Scarlett, *and is all set to do* Romeo and Juliet.

For his latest spectacle Cecil B. De Mille turns to the romantic period of Richard Coeur de Lion, with Herbert Wilcoxon playing Richard in The Crusaders. *His armour weighed two hundredweight, and before he became accustomed to it De Mille had a small portable crane placed on the set to pick Wilcoxon up if he fell down. Like all De Mille films, it contains a scene o revelry (illustrated).*

Photo: National Film Archive

Productions Ltd. Film—*Alpine Artistes.* Producer—Cyril Jenkins. Director—Cyril Jenkins. Studio—location. United Kingdom Distributor—(blank) "?

My Iron Curtain friends may be forgiven at finding our film economy a puzzle.

Missing the Target

JOHN Trevelyan, the secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, has been busy in recent weeks justifying attacks made on the board in the weekly and quarterly reviews, notably the *New Statesman* and *Encounter*. Basically these attacks have been accusations that the Board acts as a political censorship, aiding contemporary Government policy, protecting The Establishment, and limiting the expression of extremes of political ideas.

I think the critics have been pretty wide of the target. Basically the Board is concerned with protecing cinema exhibitors, whose main function is providing *entertainment*, from pubic condemnation or legal actions as a result of what they show on their screens.

Mr. Trevelyan puts it another way in a letter to the *New Statesman*: "The primary function of film censorship is the protection of children . . . ".

That is why so much Cinema is sterile. Not the Censor's scissors; but the demands of the mass box-office. To the credit of the Board, few really intelligent films are today seriously cut or refused a certificate.

The real weakness of the system, which we have continued to emphasis in these columns, is that the X certificate now means little to the cinemagoer except "dirty sex": and the intelligent film (whether X or A) can be seen by youngsters as soon as they reach sixteen-plus. If the Board really wants to protect chidren it should risk the wrath of the trade, which created and finances it, and demand quicker action to have the age restriction raised to something more realistic. It is precisely during the 'teens that our children are most impressionable, and the social damage being done by some of the sordid slush going out with an X to catch the teenage-sheckles is incalculable . . . and inexcusable.

'A Golden March'

IN our issue for January 1960, under the heading 'A Golden March,' we stated that the General Council of the Association of Cinematograph and Allied Technicians had decided to give a gold medal to the short, *The March to Aldermaston.* Our attention has been drawn to the fact that the award in question was not made by the Union but by the World Peace Congress. We were misled by a report in the Union's *Journal* which stated that the award would be made at the next all day meeting of the Union's General Council. We regret having wrongly attributed the source of the award to the A.C.T.T. and regret any embarrassment that may have been caused to the A.C.T.T. by the inaccuracy in our report.

After the Show

AFTER the curtains have come down in London theatres a few nights ago, many a well-known theatrical personality scurried to the National Film Theatre, to form the audience to a unique theatrical occasion, arranged by the National Film Archive at the request of Sir John Gielguid.

A screening of the silent virsion of *Hamlet*, starring Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson accompanied by an extract from *Richard III*, with Sir Frank Benson, linked the actors of today with those of an earlier generation.

When Sir John Gielguid heard that these films had only recently been screened to members of the British Film Institute, he felt that his fellow actors woud welcome an opportunity of seeing two of the greatest exponents of Shakespearean drama—Sir Frank Benson and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. It is thanks to F. Miles, a son-in-law of Forbes-Robertson, that this valuable link with the tradition of heroic acting is now restored. He recently deposited the copy of *Hamlet* with the National Film Archive—custodian of one of the largest collections of films in the world.

Picking the Title

A title is a very important thing. A good title can sell a bad film, and a good film can suffer at the box-office if it has a bad title. (I suggest, incidentally, that *Love Now, Pay Later* should have some sort of prize for the worst title given a Continental film on its release in Britain in recent years.)

British producers have a scheme for protecting titles that they intend to use on their films. Their trade association keeps a register and warns people against infringing any title listed on the register.

Human nature being what it is, some producers abuse the idea by listing scores of good titles they have no intention of using. So now their association is making

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Person of Promise

Photo: United Artists

Donna Anderson

YOU may remember that Stanley Kramer was the man who put the fabulous Grace Kelly into *High Noon.* Kramer has a knack of picking potential star talent. He may have done it again with Donna Anderson, who we first saw as wife to Tony Perkins in *On the Beach.* She didn't go without notice in a film boasting such stars as Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck and Fred Astaire.

Then she made another Kramer film, *Inherit the Wind,* and acquitted herself well in a difficult role . . . one that was important, but small; and couldn't be played as a scene-stealer from Tracy and March.

Kramer put Donna under contract when she was fifteen, that is six years ago. She is no quick discovery. She has been trained at the best Hollywood schools. Which is perhaps why, even in her first film, she fitted the part like an experienced artist.

From the age of ten, Donna had wanted to be a dancer, and had no thought of becoming an actress until Kramer came along. Except for a great deal of reading, she has no special interests or hobbies, not even sports, because, she says, "At the age kids take an interest in sports, I was taking eighteen dancing lessons a week". Her only public appearances, apart from local dance recitals, have been as a dancer on two USO tours of Alaska, over the Christmas holidays of 1956 and 1957.

Donna is the daughter of Sam Anderson, of Lancaster, California, and lives in Hollywood with her mother, Mrs. Jean Perkins, her step-father, Stan Perkins, a management consultant, her older sister Paula, a model,and her brother Sammy, fifteen, a student at Hollywood High School.

Talking Point

The art of female impersonation (and vice versa) is as old as the theatre. At one time in Britain it was forbidden for women to appear on the stage. The cinema has not been without its impersonators. Both Hepburn and Dietrich have donned men's clothes. And in recent months we have seen Marilyn Monroe joined by Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in an all-girl show (Some Like It Hot). *Now three more stars get in the act . . . Sir Laurence Olivier and Kenneth More take a stroll through London during rehearsals for the Night of* 100 *Stars Charity show (left), and Bing Crosby wears a period piece for* High Time *(right). Does it disgust you, or amuse you? Is this bisexuality in drama—serious or comic—natural or unnatural? It's certainly a Talking Point.*

Photos: News Chronicle and 20th-Fox

Preview of Continental films to be seen in the public cinema

During the past few months film clubs have greatly increased in popularity, with many London and provincial cinemas who specialise in showing foreign films devoting one day a week to the showing of a club film. A number of films, such as "Camp of Violence," have been shown without cuts at the clubs, and are later due to be released in a censored version.

Photos: Gala

LES TRICHEURS (French): Veteran director Marcel Carné (who has such films behind him as *Quai des Brumes* and *Les Enfants du Paradis*) now turns his attention to modern-day youngsters with no ideals, and the lack of understanding which exists between them and their parents. Made in 1958, many of his then unknown cast have since made a name for themselves, such as—left—Jacques Charrier, Laurent Terzieff and Psacale Petit.

THE GAME OF LOVE (*L'eau a la bouche*—French): This is the first feature film to be directed by Jacques Doniol-Valcroze, noted film critic. It is about three days in the life of three young couples in a baroque castle. One of the girls (Bernadette Lafont) is attacked by the butler (Miche Galabru)—left.

RED LIPS (*Il Rossetto*' Italian): First film for director Damiano Damiani, it is a psychological crime drama in which the key witness in a murder case is a thirteen-year-old girl. The script is by Cesare Zavattini and Damiani. Pierre Brice plays the villain, and Georgia Moll his fiancée—right.

CAMP OF VIOLENCE (Spanish): Based on a factual account, it is the story of a young American who is the victim of a sadistic prison official, after the former has been sentenced to hard labour for robbing a chemist. The film is directed by J. M. Forgue, with Richard Morse playing the American —left.

AFTER SCHOOL (*Verbrechen nach Schulschuss*—German): Directed by Alfred Vohrer, the blame for much 'teenage violence and brutality is placed on irresponsible parents. Christian Wolff and Walter Clemens battle over a girl—right—and when Clemens is later found dead the other boy is arrested.

and the private club . . .

Die Halbstarken

The Original 'Wild One'

A small number of films will only receive club showings and not a general distribution later. This is either because they have been refused a certificate (such as the American "Private Property") or because the number of cuts needed to gain a certificate would ruin the film. Favourite among the club films is Brando in "The Wild Ones"—(left). Another brutal film along similar lines shortly due to go into the clubs is Germany's "Die Halbstarken" (right)

Die Halbstarken (which is being shown under the title of *Teenage Wolfpack*) was made in 1956. It is the film that boosted both its star (Horst Buchholz) and director (Georg Tressler) to fame in Germany. Buchholz portrays the leader of a gang of youths who pass their time committing petty crimes, such as robbing cigarette machines, in order to obtain easy money. Not satisfied they plan something more daring, to rob a mail van—centre (l.-r. Christian Doermer, Buchholz and Karin Baal). After the robbery the gang are cornered while breaking into a house, where the leader terrorises the owner—lower centre. But crime does not pay, and the leader meets a sticky end, mourned by his brother—lower right. Photos: Gala/Union/Columbia

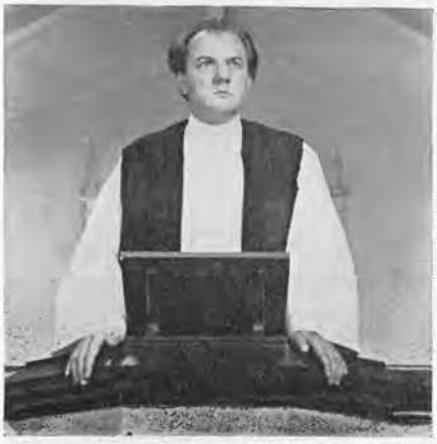
Alfred Hitchcock's 'shocker' . . .

PSYCHO

Psycho is Alfred Hitchcock's first venture into the field of the psychological shocker. Joseph Stefano wrote the screenplay from the novel by Robert Bloch. Anthony Perkins (left) plays the sensitive, mother possessed owner of an isolated motel. Nearby is the house in which a number of vicious murders occur—above.

Vera Miles and John Gavin check in at the motel to try to solve the mystery of the disappearance of a girl with $40,000—right.

Photos: Paramount



and David Swift's remake of a famous classic

POLLYANNA

Pollyanna is the first feature film for David Swift who wrote and directed the picture. Hayley Mills (right)—in the part made famous by Mary Pickford—portrays the title role of an orphan girl who goes to live with her aunt in a small American east coast town, and how by her cheery acceptance that life could be far worse, changes the lives of all who come in contact with her.

She teaches the minister (Karl Malden)—left—whose hell-fire and brimstone sermons isolate him from his audience, to look for the good in people, not the bad. With a boy (Kevin Corcoran) from the local orphanage she persuades an old man (Adolphe Menjou) that he should go out and cultivate friends, and not lead a life of isolation—lower left.

Photos: Walt Disney

Psycho

Reviewed by
PETER BAKER

Produced and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Screenplay by Joseph Stefano, from the novel by Robert Bloch. Director of photography, John L. Russell. Editor, George Tomasini. Music, Bernard Herrmann. Paramount Vistavision. American. Cert X. 108 mins.

Norman Bates, ANTHONY PERKINS; *Marion Crane*, JANET LEIGH; *Lila Crane*, VERA MILES; *Sam Loomis*, JOHN GAVIN; *Milton Arbogast*, MARTIN BALSAM; *Sheriff Chambers*, JOHN McINTIRE; and *Dr. Richmond*, SIMON OAKLAND.

CONFIDENT: Hitchcock always has a supreme confidence in his own work and his ability to publicise it. This is one of his publicity pictures . . . Hitch. with his own "clappers". And, of course, he plays a small part in the film. See if you can spot him. Photo: Paramount

WHEN I last met Alfred Hitchcock it was in his suite at Claridge's I was congratulating him on the creative and box-office success of *North by Northwest*. He was contemplating the sad fact that audiences always expect the same thing of him and we, the critics, always expect his next film to be better than the last.

After a lifetime of establishing himself as perhaps the only director whose name above the canopy will draw as big queues as any star, it is perhaps expecting too much that Hitch should really do anything different.

I asked him why he had remade *The Man Who Knew Too Much* and not *The Lady Vanishes*. He made a reply, the significance of which having seen *Psycho* I can fully appreciate. 'Teenagers, said Hitch, are no longer interested in adventures on trains or in nice old ladies who turn out to be gun-touting spies.

So Hitch has had to find a new bag of tricks with which to entertain. And what more fashionable than psychopathic killing?

The thing I like about Hitchcock is his honesty of purpose. He is merely out to entertain. No pretences. This is not a serious study, no great, moving human revelation. A series of chills, a series of laughs, spun round an ingenious story. "Don't give away the ending—it's the only one we have," Hitch asks in his cynical advertisements. Frankly I wish he *had* got another ending. For the present one makes use of what, on any level, is a great human tragedy: and flippantly hurls it on the screen to maximum effect.

Psycho reflects the disease that is currently riddling the whole Western Cinema, particularly Britain and the United States. It underestimates its audience; it turns something of human consequence into a fairground sideshow.

But in fairness to Hitchcock, the *Emergency Ward Ten* level of psychiatric mumbo-jumbo is merely the superficial ploy. Unlike the nauseating *Peeping Tom*, *Psycho* attempts no real depth of characterisation or any real analysis of motives. The plot, stripped to simple outline, creaks.

In his presentation Hitchcock has copied the camera styles of the Continental realists. He has tried to achieve the casual looking-in on reality. It is like acting Shakespeare in modern clothes (worse, scriptwriter Joseph Stefano is no Shakespeare). The established Hitchcock style of thriller (which this still is) and this kitchen-sink style of direction don't mix.

The British Censor has improved on the film by cutting drastically a nauseating bathroom murder. Because these violent, twisted trappings are not the stuff that Hitch is blessed with the talent to give us.

Psycho then, is good (if not great) Hitchcock, but unnecessarily phoney. If the master is looking around for a new subject. I would commend him to think again about trains . . . and nice old ladies (female ladies). He really should stick to the things he knows about, and can do so well.

POLLYANNA

Written and directed by David Swift. Produced by Walt Disney. Director of photography, Russ Harlan. Art director, Robert Clatworthy. Music, Paul Smith. A Walt Disney Production. American. Technicolor. Cert. U. 134 mins.

Pollyanna, HAYLEY MILLS; *Aunt Polly*, JANE WYMAN; *Dr. Edmond Chilton*, RICHARD EGAN; *Reverend Paul Ford*, KARL MALDEN; *Nancy Furman*, NANCY OLSEN; *Mr. Pendergast*, ADOLPHE MENJOU; *Mayor Karl Warren*, DONALD CRISP; *Mrs. Snow*, AGNES MOOREHEAD; and *Jimmy Bean*, KEVIN CORCORAN.

POLLYANNA, an orphen, arrives to live with her Aunt Polly who, in one way or another, owns practically everything and everybody in the township of Harrington. Aunt Polly has a puritanical view of the behaviour befitting such a leader of the community, and is generous in her dispensations of charity to the less well-off; but any attempt on the part of the townspeople to take charge of their own communal welfare is regarded as—at the least—ingratitude.

I have not seen the original *Pollyanna*, starring Mary Pickford, but I can imagine it. The granite-faced do-gooders of the Griffith tradition are not easily forgotten. But 'charity' as a social evil has changed its countenance since those times, having retreated behind such phenomena as industrial sponsorship of the arts: so that this remake can now function as a good-will-and-comradeship parable for children.

Or *almost*. Disney has a tiresome habit of misgauging his audience, and persists in either treating adult themes in a juvenile manner (e.g., *The Living Desert*), or else littering fairy-tales (such as *Snow White*) with details which only an adult could stomach. In *Pollyanna* the trouble is localized. For the most part the film jogged on happily, wringing every ounce of charm out of period cars and fire-engines, as Hayley Mills melted the hearts of the cantankerous and shamed the hypocritical, one by one, with her wide-eyed insouciance. Only occasionally was she made to resort to abstract philosophizing—the measure of the script-writers' failure to make precisely the point they were after.

It was the sort of film in which one repeatedly catches oneself smiling. All the more disappointing, then, that it should have ended with a virtuoso study in tear-jerking, in which the paralysed child is carried through a crowded hall to say good-bye to all her friends, all the servants and the dog. I wish now that I had timed this sequence: but if it did not last for twenty-five minutes, then it certainly appeared to.

DAI VAUGHAN

THE APARTMENT

Produced and directed by Billy Wilder. Screenplay by Billy Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond. Director of photography, Joseph LaShelle. Music, Adolph Deutsch. Art director, Alexander Trauner. Editor, Daniel Mandell. Assistant director, Hal Polaire. A Mirisch Company Picture released by United Artists. American. Cert A. 127 mins.

C. C. Baxter, JACK LEMMON; *Fran Kubelik* SHIRLEY McLAINE; *J. D. Sheldrake*, FRED MacMURRAY; *Mr. Dobisch*, RAY WALSTON; *Mr. Kirkeby*, DAVID LEWIS; *Dr. Dreyfuss*, JACK KRUSCHEN; *Sylvia*, JOAN SHAWLEE; *Miss Olsen*, EDIE ADAMS; *Margie MacDougall*, HOPE HOLIDAY; *Karl Matuschka*, JOHNNY SEVEN; and *Mrs. Dreyfuss*, NAOMI STEVENS.

THIS new film of Billy Wilder's contains all the acidity and ruthlessness characteristic of his best work—*Sunset Boulevard*, *Ace In The Hole*, *The Lost Weekend*, *Double Indemnity*. And like much of his best work it moves on two perceptible levels: the first takes a hard, searching look at the frantic desperation of the contemporary scene—the glib jargon, the constant conniving, the never ending pursuit of the quick return, money, position, or sex, it's all the same—grab it before someone else does!; the second level is more calm, and is concerned with a love affair between a

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non too bright young clerk and a lift girl. That these two moods, the sweet and the sour, never quite succeed in coming together, does tend to throw the film somewhat off-balance. But no matter, even accepting this, *The Apartment* has much to offer, and I doubt very much if you will see a more accomplished, a more trenchant entertainment from Hollywood this year than the fim under review.

Jack Lemmon has the role of an ambitious young clerk employed in a large New York Insurance office. Hoping to work his way into an executive position, Lemmon has been loaning the use of his bachelor apartment to four of his office superiors for trysts with their girl-friends. For services rendered, Lemmon receives a minor promotion, but when Fred MacMurray, head of the personnel division, learns of the useful availability of Lemmon's apartment, he makes Lemmon his personal assistant on the condition that Lemmon deny the use of the apartment to all but his new boss. Lemmon cheerfully agrees, but what he doesn't know is that MacMurray is using the apartment to meet Shirley MacLaine there—the girl with whom Lemmon is in love . . . This takes the story up to about the half-way mark. And it is about here that Wilder begins to bring the second level of the film into play.

In the first half he concentrates his efforts entirely on the opportunistic personnel of the Insurance company. And he gives the section of the film the full, bitter blast of his well seasoned spleen, more or less ending this phrase of the story in a frightening sequence of mock joviality during the office Christmas party. Thereafter the body of the film is taken up with the love affair between Lemmon and MacLaine.

This long, central section of the film is also its strength. The tart beginning is fun, if somewhat disquieting, to watch, but when the concentration is shifted to the characters of Lemmon and MacLaine, the film really comes alive, overwhelmingly so. They play together beautifully, each sparking off the other in a series of scenes which call upon them to evoke the full range of their considerable talents. Miss MacLaine has never been seen to better advantage, and her's is a performance of consummate skill.

In the end, however, it's Lemmon's film hands down: his is a tremendously virtuoso performance, inclining perhaps to project a little too much in the opening sequences, but then, suddenly, righting himself and gathering the film right about him completely. He breathes life and awareness into the most ordinary of scenes, and has as the pinnacle of his performance a brilliantly written episode in which he prepares a snaghetti supper, that he makes something of a *tour-de-force* of comic invention and ingenuity. The rest of the cast give a similar high standard of performances, particularly MacMurray, Ray Walston, Edie Adams, Joan Shawless—and a wonderfully comic bit from Hope Holliday as a loquacious Christmas Eve pick-up.

The Apartment offers Billy Wilder more opportunities for the employment of his bitter wit than any previous film since the ill-fated *Ace In The Hole*. And he grabs his chances accordingly. Few of the possibilities for irony, satire and jaundiced humour are missed. But, thankfully, he never allows himself to be completely carried away, and the tenderness of the scenes betwen Lemmon and MacLaine give an indication that Wilder's mercurial and somewhat brittle talent has undergone a welcome extension of range. If there is a single fault about *The Apartment* it is that it is much too long. For the rest, it is every inch an exceptional film, and certainly the equal of anything that Wilder has previously given us.

JOHN CUTTS

VICTIM: Walter Giller plays a travelling salesman who suddenly comes face to face with the Nazi judge who converted him during the war, and who is now in a responsible position. A scene from Wolfgang Staudte's Roses for the Prosecutor. *Photo: Gala*

ROSES FOR THE PROSECUTOR

Directed by Wolfgang Staudt. Produced by Kurt Ulrich. Script by Georg Hurdalek. Photography by Erich Claunigk. Set design by Walter Haag. Kurt Ulrich productions. West Germany. Gala Films. Cert A. 98 mins.

Dr. Wilhelm Schramm, MARTIN HELD; *Rudi Kleinschmidt*, WALTER GILLER; *Lissy*, INGRID VAN BERGEN; *Hildegard*, CAMILLA SPIRA; *Werner*, ROLAND KAISER; *Haase*, WERNER FINCK; *Hessel*, RAOLF WALTER; *Otto Kugler*, WERNER PETERS; *Diefenbach*, PAUL HARTMANN.

STAUDTE'S latest film, made in West Germany, synchronises with the Democratic Republic's campaign against ex-Nazis in Adenauer's administration. Almost despite himself, an amiable but politically unconscious street pedlar exposes the respected State Prosecutor, who in the last days of the war sentenced him to death for buying two bars of chocolate on the black market.

Martin Held's expertly serio-comic performance as the Prosecutor helps out some babyishly obvious satire on the Prussian way of life (after lecturing his son on how pain builds character, paterfamilias shrieks because the coffee-pot handle is too hot); Walter Giller is engaging as the pedlar whose doglike eyes express his lazy and dazed defeatism. Finally he settles down with the glamorous businesswoman whose luxurious cocktail bar sports a juke-box—a concession to Americanisation probably intended as the final bitter irony.

However sincere or pertinent as propaganda, Staudte's films, as art (that is, as descriptions of how people feel) are obvious, plodding and contrived. Here, elaborate lighting and ponderous direction do not conceal the weaknesses of facile caricature and laboured whimsy, which only remind one that German films have yet to tackle the theme of guilt without grotesque oversimplification.

The lushly masochistic abasement of *The Murderers Are Amongst Us* and the lumbering satire of *The Underdog* are all ways of dodging the *real* German story—the simple and accurate history of a German middle-class family from Versailles to Stalingrad, showing with understanding, almost with sympathy, how the opting for tyranny rather than chaos, the moral cowardice and the almost involuntary enthusiasms, the hope against hope that the thousand-year-Reich might after all vindicate Nazi brutality, the silent and progressive adjustments of conscience, were alas! far from irreconcilable with average human goodness and the pious singing of *Silent Night* around the Christmas tree. Such a film would be too real, too personal, and too uncomfortable—for us all.

R. E. DURGNAT

A STORY OF RUTH

Directed by Henry Koster. Produced by Samuel G. Engel. Screenplay by Norman Corwin. Music, Franz Waxman. Director of photography, Arthur E. Arling. Twentieth Century-Fox. American. Cinemascope. De Luxe Colour. Cert. U. 132 mins.

Boaz, STUART WHITMAN; *Malkon*, TOM TRYON; *Naomi*, PEGGY WOOD; *Eleilat*, VIVECA LINDFORS; *Tob*, JEFF MORROW; *Ruth*, ELANA EDEN; *Hedak*, THAYER DAVID; *Elimelech*, LES TREMAYNE; *Jehoum*, EDUARD FRANZ; and *Suelin*, LEO FUCHS.

A NEW low is biblical epics is here for melancholy inspection. A deep obeisance to that great god, Box Office, it is a thoroughly botched attempt to cash in on the *Ben-Hur* bandwagon lacking, bowever, even in the dubious virtue of sheer spectacle. Those several sequences with delusions of grandeur appear to be against left-over sets from *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, underlining the reach-me-down atmosphere of the entire enterprise.

On the principle that nothing succeeds like excess the script piles cliché onto cliché, the audience being spared nothing in the way of the obvious. The repellent triviality of Norman Corwin's screenplay, with its juvenile code of ethics and its exploration of the finer shades of inanity, in given direction and acting to match.

The extravagant bad taste of the biblical epic sometimes has its own compensations. In the hands of a de Mille one had reluctantly to admire, but here the makers have fallen far short of their own pretensions—this work is never likely to figure in any list of box office favourites. For its general air of shoddiness in all departments it is deserving of some sort of award for ineptitude.

RICHARD WHITEHALL

THE GALLANT HOURS

Directed and produced by Robert Montgomery. Screenplay by Beetne Lay and Frank Gilroy. Music, Roger Wagner. Director of photography, Joe Macdonald. Wiard Ihnen. Cagney-Montgomery Productions. United Artists release. American. Cert. U. 115 mins.

Adm. William F. Halsey Jnr., JAMES CAGNEY; *Lt. Cmdr. Andy Lowe*, DENNIS WEAVER; *Capt. Hmry Black*, WARD COSTELLO; *Lt. Cmdr. Roy Wehh*, RICHARD JAECKEL; *Capt. Frank Enright*, LES TREMAYNE; *Maj. Gen. Roy Geiger*, ROBERT BURTON; *Maj. Gen. Archie Vandergrift*, RAYMOND BAILEY; *Adm. Ghormley*, CARL BENTON REID; *Manuel*, LEON LONTEC; *Adm. Isoroku Yamamoto*, JAMES T. GOTO; *and Rear-Adm. Jiro Kobe*, JAMES YAGI.

THE GALLANT HOURS are those during which Admiral William F. Halsey Jnr., U.S.N., and his staff, fought and won a strategical battle of wits against Admiral Yamamoto, and, by holding Guadalcanal, altered the course of the war, and therefore of history.

The film's scope is limited almost as severely as that of a Bresson film: the Admiral (James Cagney) has a family whom we never meet and plans a battle of which we hear only the far-off gunfire. This Admiral's-Eye-View evokes the strange Executive Suite remoteness from the physical

realities of battle and the obsessive pressure of doubts and responsibilities. The informality of the Admiral's relationships with his staff is given an almost liturgical atmosphere by the Roger Wagner chorale and the quietly reverent commentary. Montgomery's very deliberate, unhurried direction, and MacDonald's smooth yet strong photography, create a style as quietly "smart" and modern as Jack Webb's. The acting is exceptionally meticulous and Cagney's Halsey—worried, mellow yet indomitable—has a "purity of line" worthy of a hero of mythology.

Yet all this care is wasted because the characterisation is conventional and empty—every member of the Admiral's staff is a very Good Guy while the Admiral himself is a very, very Good Guy. The film descends to the pious banalities of hero-worship, and its "message", that Halsey's greatness, far from being Napoleonic, comes from his being an "ordinary guy" facing up to a great action, comes to smack less of democratic modesty than of the recruiting poster. Its curious mixture of attitudes—in one way Halsey is "one of the boys", yet in another he is the object of his entire Staff's, indeed, Navy's, admiration, care and devotion, while music and commentary have almost mystical overtones—disappointingly evades any hint of the real problems of leadership and command.

In the absence of truth, the film's austerity becomes tedious. Very devout cinephiles will find its style, interesting in itself.

R. E. DURGNAT

FROM THE TERRACE

Produced and directed by Mark Robson. Screenplay by Ernest Lehman, based on the novel by John O'Hara. Director of photography, Leo Tover. Editor, Dorothy Spencer. Music, Elmer Bernstein. 20th Century-Fox release. American. Cinemascope. DeLuxe Colour. Cert X. 144 mins.
Alfred Eaton: PAUL NEWMAN; *Mary St. John,* JOANNE WOODWARD; *Martha Eaton,* MYRNA LOY; *Natalie,* INA BALIN; *Samuel Eaton,* LEON AMES; *Suze Rimmington,* ELIZABETH ALLEN; *Clemmie,* BARBARA EDEN; *Lex Porter,* GEORGE GRIZZARD; *Dr. Jim Roper,* PATRICK O'NEAL; and *MacHardie,* FELIX AYLMER.

THEY don't come any glossier than Mark Robson's enquiry in to the mating habits of the sex and hard liquor set. An odd rag-bag of attitudes it changes gear so many times it is almost impossible to say at which level the director hoped to succeed. The opening is heavy with frustration and psychological overtones as Alfred (Paul Newman), a young Navy flier, returns from the war to find his mother (Myrna Loy) a dipsomaniac, and his father (Leon Ames) still mourning the death of Alfred's brother, thirteen years earlier.

Alfred rejects the cosy corner waiting for him in the family firm, searches for success in New York and, in a wittily written and acutely observed sex-duel woos and wins a daughter of one of the top top-families (Joanne Woodward).

This, however, is just the prologue to the main business of the film, a dramatization of one of those written-by-the-yard best sellers about a disintegrating marriage. It throws in a good many erotic undertones and sufficient doses of 'frank' dialogue to get by, in some quarters, as an adult sexual drama. It is nothing of the sort, merely a woman's magazine story thrown off by someone with a command of the four-letter word.

The whole film trundles on in an aura of acute self delusion. The heroine enjoys some extra-marital moments with a pet psychiatrist; the hero, numbed into nullity by his father's rejection, achieves material success but finds it worthless without a welcome on the hearthrug. Presiding over

SUCCESS HUNTER. Directed by Mark Robson. From the Terrace studies the pursuit of success by a young man (Paul Newman) on Wall Street, and his wife (Joanne Woodward) who married him against family advice. *Photo: 20th Century-Fox*

the film is the substitute father-figure of Felix Aylmer as the wise man of Wall Street, preaching the horrors of divorce and the duty of the all-American male to his employer.

This simply won't do. First steps into Freud won't explain these people, the pressures on them are not personal and private but almost wholly social. Once or twice there is danger of a head-on collision, but the film grinds into reverse and avoids the social criticism implicit in the subject.

The ending is typical of this spirit of compromise. After an ironic—and improbable—speech in a Wall Street boardroom Alfred renounces the rat race for the arms of a small town tycoon's daughter, and just what this proves isn't very clear—that big business in a small town is preferable to big business in a big town? It says much for the integrity of Paul Newman's performance that one feels this second marriage is heading for the rocks just as surely as the first.

Honesty in the treatment of sex is just as important as honesty in social values. The literature of Little Dots is behind us, the era of the quick fade out bas gone, but this work uses the hard won freedom of the screen for the 'adult' treatment of juvenalia. An honest treatment of sex relationships is never sordid but here, all too often, the references seem stuck on for the purposes of titillation.

It may seem foolish to take seriously what is, after all, only a classier version of *Peyton Place* (one of the achievements of the Fox scenario department is that it can make a William Faulkner indistinguishable from a John O'Hara, and reduce both to the level of a Grace Metallious) but what we have here, I suspect, is a blueprint for the hokum of the sixties. What is so hard to take is the blowzy brazeness of its pretence at maturity, and its use of that pretence to shrug off any discussion of the implications of the material.

The actors make a lot more of this than it deserves (the script contains some sharp writing amongst the woolliness, one suspects that more hands than the one credited were involved). Newman and Woodward in their love-hate duet are astrigent in the love passages at the beginning, suitably bored and bitter through the later quarrellings, making the excessive length much less tedious than it might have been. The musical score, school of Steiner, is as glutinous as they come, but the rest of the credits have the sheer quality of craftsmanship that, so often in Hollywood, dresses up a corpse to look pretty.

RICHARD WHITEHALL

THE GAME OF LOVE

Written and directed by Jacques Doniol-Valcroze. Produced by Pierre Braunberger. Director of photography, Roger Fellous. Music, Serge Gainsbourg. A Cocinor-Marceau Production, distributed by Gala. French. English sub-titles. Original title: *L'Eau a la Bouche.* Cert. X. 85 mins.
Miléna, FRANCOISE BRION; *Filine,* ALEXANDRA STEWART; *Prudence,* BERNADETTE LAFONT; *Robert,* JACQUES RIBEROLLES; *Michel,* GERARD BARRAY; *Jean-Paul,* PAUL GUERS; *Cesar,* MICHEL GALABRU and *Florence,* FLORENCE LOINOD.

ELEGANT, intelligent, sophisticated and humorous—yet never really elegant, intelligent, sophisticated and humorous enough to satisfy. *The Game Of Love* is an odd little film which never quite seems to know where it's going or what it's supposed to be about. Its director—Jacques Doniol-Valcroze, editor of the French magazine—"Cahiers Du Cinema"—apparently made the film in his spare time, using a group of personal friends for his cast and crew, and shooting it entirely on location at a chateau belonging to his aunt.

It's a first film, and, frankly, it looks it: the plot-construction is haphazard, much of the action is repetitive and could stand cutting, the characterisation is erratic to the point of imbecility . . . and yet the film thoroughly pleases. In spite of, or perhaps because of, its faults, it continually holds the interest, continually amuses, and almost never bores.

The plot is almost non-existent and really the whole thing is but an emotional charade concerning three pairs of lovers who meet and mate whilst staying the week-end at a chateau in the Pyrenees. Three parallel and simultaneous stories with a successful seduction concluding each. The game of *amour* is provoked, played, and all would have appeared to have won . . . or have they? The cruel light of dawn brings reality to bear on the phoney passions of the night before, and those who merely trifled with love turn out to be the losers . . . or do they?

The film never answers these questions. It just begs them. And does so in a light, fancy style which is exactly right for its twisting turn of events. Echoes of Ophuls and Bergman (of *Smiles of a Summer Night* mood) are evoked but never deliberately imitated, and M. Doniol-Valcroze's light style and lyrical use of the camera make this one of the most urbane entertainments seen in a long while.

JOHN CUTTS

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO

Directed by Jean Meyer. Produced by Pierre Gerin. A Screen Record of the Comedie Francaise Production produced by Jean Meyer of the play by Beaumarchais. Photographed by Henri Alekan. Music by Mozart. Sets and costumes by Suzanne Lalique. Eastmancolor. French. An L.P.C. (Pierre Gerin) Production. Connoisseur Release. Cert. A. 104 mins.
Count of Almaviva, GEORGES DESCRIERES; *Countess,* YVONNE GAUDEAU; *Figaro,* JEAN PIAT; *Suzanne,* MICHELINE BOUDET; *Cherubin,* MICHELE GRELLIER; *Bartholo,* LOUIS SEIGNER; *Marceline,* DENISE GENCE; *Bazile,* JEAN MEYER; *Antonio,* GEORGES CHARMARAT; *Doubleman,* MAURICE PORTERAT; *Brid 'Oison,* GEORGES BACONNET; *Bailiff,* LOUIS EYMOND.

FILMING stageplays is like translating poems—only an inspired paraphrase reads like poetry, but there is much to be said for a rendering which, though plodding, is exact. Certainly, a screen record of a stage performance (as this is), is more useful than adaptations like *Richard III* whose mediocre film element serves only to

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disrupt the play as a theatrical entity.

Louis XVI commented on Beaumarchais' play, "This is detestable, and shall not be performed"; but Beaumarchais broke the ban in 1784 when, performed by the Comedie Française, it had a, literally, riotous success. Faced with the task of presenting it for modern theatregoers Meyer has eschewed all the mugging and fimcky snuff-sniffing and lace-ruff-waving with which the Old Vic for so long has turned all our classical comedies into dull romps for tired schoolteachers; his contrastingly slick and streamlined style brings out the play's spice, bite and purposefulness, as well as its fascinatingly baroque blend of ingredients, ranging from Boccaccio via the Comedia dell 'Arte to Mozart.

By, anachronistically, taking the play at the pace of a Feydeau farce, Meyer's production acquires a kind of racy *neutrality* which reveals more clearly than any amount of "business" could have done Beaumarchais' ambivalent mixture of tenderness and mockery, his self-triumphant, half-bitter cynicism, his cheerful libertinism and a romanticism which he mocks, but mocks wistfully . . . Beaumarchais is as suave, and lively, as such recent jazz records, as Duke Ellington's *Such Sweet Thunder*—a petit mairte perhaps, but a maitre all the same.

As "film", this film *is* stilted; it requires one to look *through* the film at a stage performance, instead of simply *at* the film; its two or three attempts at filmic "effects" jar. But the acting has such speed, precision and unity of style, that, for from being too stagey for the cameras, it fits them admirably (a few moments excepted), while preserving much of the megnetism of stage "presence". The level of acting is so consistent that a reviewer can only hope to mention the personalities he found most winning, in my case, Yvonne Gaudean's Countess and the Page, Cherubin, played by Michele Grellier. Sets and costumes are very elegant and the photography "*très* plush."

R. E. DURGNAT

ICE PALACE

Directed by Vincent Sherman. Produced by Henry Blanke. Screenplay by Harry Kleiner, from the novel by Edna Ferber. Director of photography, Joseph Biroc. Art director, Malcolm Bert. Editor, William Zeigler. Music, Max Steiner. American Technicolor. Warner-Pathe Release. Cert U. 143 mins.

Zeb, RICHARD BURTON; *Thor*, ROBERT RYAN; *Bridie*, CAROLYN JONES; *Dorothy*, MARTHA HYER; *Dave Husak*, JIM BACKUS; *Bay*, RAY DANTON; *Christine*, DIANE McBAIN; *Scotty*, CARL SWENSON; *Grace* (age 16), SHIRLEY KNIGHT; *Elner Wendt*, BARRY KELLY; *Ross*, SHERIDAN COMERATE; *Wong*, GEORGE TAKEI; *Christopher* (age 16), STEVE HARRIS.

THIS three-generations saga by Edna Ferber sets out to do for Alaska what *Giant* did for Texas. Burton and Ryan play Zeb Kennedy and Thor Storm, the salmon-fishing buddies who quarrel over Bridie (Carolyn Jones), and, after forty years of mutual hatred and enmity, during which Zeb marries Dorothy (Martha Hyer) for her money and builds up Alaska's canneries, while Thor marries an Eskimo girl who leaves him with a half-breed son with whom Zeb's daughter Grace elopes and dies, they are reconciled as Thor's efforts at last bring Alaska the dignity of Statehood.

It's a brassbound box-office proposition alright, and hangs closely to the apron-strings of the "soap-opera" formulae. It's disappointing to see a Harry Kleiner script built up from the Golden Treasury of Clichés (Dorothy to Zeb: "You only married me for my money! A woman can always tell, by the way a man makes love to her!").

ALASKAN GIANT: Richard Burton cuts up rough in this scene from Vincent Sherman's Ice Palace, *saga of the men who built up Alaska's canneries. Burton has to age forty years for his role in this film. Photo: Warner-Pathe*

There is one downright absurdity: a young couple are lost in the snows; as the girl is torn in the pangs of childbirth, a man-eating grizzly pops up; Thor, racing up on a sledge, arrives in time to shoot him while Zeb and Birdie arrive a couple of moments later by plane . . . though less blatantly than this, the whole film is thought out at least two or three removes from reality, and, while smoothly directed, is never in the class of *Giant*.

Richard Burton and Shirley Knight have a certain authenticity about their personalities that survives the film's slickness. The photography is fine and the film's warm and stylish colour-schemes deserve mention.

R. E. DURGNAT

THE LOST WORLD

Produced and directed by Irwin Allen. Screenplay by Irwin Allen and Charles Bennett. Director of photography, Winton Hoch. Editor, Hugh S. Fowler. Music, Paul Sawtell and Bert Shefter. Art directors, Duncan Cramer and Walter M. Simonds. 20th Century-Fox. American, Cinemascope. DeLuxe Colour. Cert A. 95 mins.

Lord Roxtyn, MICHAEL RENNIE; *Jennifer Holmes*, JILL ST. JOHN; *Ed Malone*, DAVID HEDISON; *Challenger*, CLAUDE RAINS; *Gomez*, FERNANDO LAMAS; *Summerlee*, RICHARD HAYDN; and *David*, RAY STRICKLYN.

THIS film, based on the story by Conan Doyle, is as close a parallel to *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* as it would be possible to make. An expedition led by an irascible professor penetrates a remote region inhabited by dinosaurs. There are suppressed antagonisms within the party; and the professor is irked by the presence of a woman, whose toy poodle takes the place of the duck in the other film. The final escape entails a flight through volcanic chambers. The policy of cashing in on a winner was never more blatantly pursued than here. Yet where its predecessor succeeded magnificently, *The Lost World* is an unqualified flop. For this there are countless reasons.

One of the attractions of pre-history is the sheer alienness of its landscape (a quality which the Czech children's film *Journey into a Primaeval Age* exploited to the full—and, moreover, with a certain regard for accuracy). Here, however, the flora and fauna are rarely more than a back-drop for the action: so that, despite a well-staged tusse between two giant reptiles, the film largely fails as spectacle. A band of short-winded gentlemen in brown grease-paint hammering tom-toms is no substitute for the splendours of the unknown.

A further weakness is an acceptance of the fallacy that fantasy does not require sensitive acting. Claude Rains clowns his professor out of existence on any level, Jill St. John behaves throughout like a starlet on holiday, and the poodle betrays a lack of personality of which the duck would be ashamed. It is due partly to this shoddiness of characterization and partly to a perfunctoriness in direction ("Let it go—it worked last time, didn't it?") that one laughs at the film both in the wrong spirit and at the wrong times.

One final point is that by bringing the story up to date the authors have sacrificed that period atmosphere which, in its incongruity, can add a strange poetry to science fiction—and which this genre perhaps *needs* if it is not being approached in a wholly serious spirit.

DAI VAUGHAN

THE BELLBOY

Written, produced and directed by Jerry Lewis. Director of Photography, Haskell Boggs. Music, Walter Scharf. Art director, Henry Bumstead. A Jerry Lewis Production for Paramount release. American. Cert U. 72 mins.

Stanley, JERRY LEWIS; *Manager*, ALEX GERRY; *Bell Captain*, BOB CLAYTON; and *Bellboys*, HERKIE STYLES, SONNY SANDS, EDDIE SHAEFFER, DAVID LANDFIELD.

WRITTEN, directed and produced by Jerry Lewis, *The Bellboy* also stars the same. It also makes it perfectly clear that here is a film without pretence to plot or story. "Just a collection of silly sequences" says the gentleman at the film's beginning, and for once content is matched by description.

For those who like this sort of thing, there are re-action gags, exasperation gags, exaggeration gags, double identity gags, honeymoon gags, and repeat-word gags. There are also gags about brassieres, dieting, invisible apples, non-existent orchestras, broken cigarettes, broken backs, mixed-up luggage, and burning a pair of trousers. For added amusement Mr. Lewis also does his funny walk and pulls funny faces.

I sat stony-faced through it all. This, to my mind, is a real horror film.

JOHN CUTTS

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

Directed by Mario Bonnard. Executive producer, Paulo Moffa. Screenplay by Ennio De Concini, Sergio Leone, Duccio Tessari and Sergio Corbucci. Director of photography, Antonio Ballesteros. Music, Angelo Francesco Lavagnino. Editor, Eraldo Da Roma. A Cineproduzioni-Procusa-Transocean production, released by United Artists. Italian Eastmancolour. Supertotalscope. Cert A. 91 mins.

Glaucus, STEVE REEVES; *Ione*, CHRISTINA KAUFFMANN; *Nydia*, BARBARA CARROLL; *Julio*, ANNE MARIE BAUMANN; *Gallinus*, MIMMO PALMARA; and *Antonius*, ANGEL ARANDA.

STEVE REEVES is probably making more money acting with his muscles than, for instance, Olivier is making acting with his intellect. But we should not underestimate Mr. Reeves because cinemagoers enjoy watching him change costumes in every reel (in this picture a series of flounce-skirted togas, with a hem line way above that currently recommended by Dior), and knock out a bad man in every frame. From time to time he kisses the heroine while saving her from a fate worse than death (at least I think he kisses her, because this is an action picture and the camera never lingers on a two-shot longer than a couple of seconds); and for the rest of the time he concentrates on looking gorgeous.

Of course we cannot take this genre of film seriously. The producers don't expect

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LIBERATOR: Steve Reeves plays the Roman Centurion who fights against evil and corruption in Pompeii in its last days before being destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius. In this scene from The Last days of Pompeii *he battles with a gladiator in the arena. Photo: United Artists*

us to do so. But they can be amusing and, if *The Last Days of Pompeii* is a fair example of the present series (which I believe it is), the films are good honest swash-buckle. Certainly the plot line is simple, the characters cartoon-strip thin, and the violence purged of the unhealthy excesses of more skilfully made hokum.

It is not surprising that these Hollywood-inspired epics should be filmed in Italy. It was the Italians who were making big spectacle films of ancient Rome in the silent days . . . long before DeMille got into his stride.

What is surprising is that in a film of this kind so much really good craftsmanship should go into the production. The acting is poor, the dialogue turgid (there is no relation here, or intended, to Lord Lytton's book), and the dubbing of the American voices very carelessly engineered; but what magnificant sets, what wonderfully reconstructed contumes. Scene after scene looks just right. Paintings actually at Pompeii have been carefully reproduced as backgrounds. The rooms, the temples, the streets are all so right. I apologise to the art director for not at the time of preparing this review having discovered his name. And credit too to the photographer, who has captured all the subtlety of such wonderful sets.

But the story . . . surely the clapper-boy could have devised a better story about Pompeii than this! **P.G.B.**

THE TIME MACHINE

Directed by George Pal. Screenplay by David Duncan. Based on the Novel by H. G. Wells. Music score, Russell Garcia. Director of Photography, Paul C. Vogel. Art directors, George Davis and William Ferrari. Special photographic effects, Gene Warren and Wah Chang. American. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Metrocolor. Cert A. 101 mins.

George, The Time Traveller, ROD TAYLOR; *David Filby*, ALAN YOUNG; *Dr. Philip Hillyer*, SEBASTIAN CABOT; *Anthony Bridewell*, TOM HELMORE; *Weena*, YVETTE MIMIEUX; *Walter Kemp*, WHIT BISSELL; *Mrs. Watchett*, DORIS LLOYD.

H. G. WELLS was a great sci-fic writer not so much because his conceptions were fantastic or prophetical (and they were both); but because he had a brilliant conception of the roots of human behaviour. Whether or not he intended it, Wells was a brilliant moralist.

He was also (without knowing it!) a brilliant film scenarior writer. Had he lived a few years later, he would be inundated with offers from Hollywood, but I suspect money would have meant little to him. Wells and Hollywood would just not mix.

The surprising thing is that in adapting his work for the screen the Hollywood moguls have invariably left the moral intact, almost without noticing it .The George Pal production of *The Time Machine* is no exception. Of course it's not like the book . . . but it remains true to the book.

The conception of a man who is able to project himself into years ahead (or past) is the kind of subject that stands or falls on the writer's (or the film-maker's) ability to draw accurate characterisation. One false move and the whole thing goes beyond the realm of probability into the ludicrous. *The Time Machine* is held together because the people of the future have a recognisable (if terrifying) pattern of behaviour. We only have to remember what the Nazis were capable of doing to realise that humanity could be divided and degraded in a way *The Time Machine* suggests.

George Pal is not served well by his actors, with the exception of Alan Young as the Traveller's friend. And he relies too much for his effects on the visual impact of futuristic models and monsters, which is a pity because there is such dramatic potential in the basic idea and the opportunity for intellectual conflicts which it provides.

Nonetheless, here is a well made film that stimulates the imagination and has plenty of exciting situations. That it falls short, for instance, of the screen version of Orwell's 1984, is not Well's fault. Blame George Pal for almost having missed his own rocket. **P.G.B.**

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ster and Miss Novak, though she has never given a better illustration of her acting capacity, made the witch altogether too human and pitiable.

The lesson of *Bell, Book and Candle* was well learnt and in his first solo production, *It Happened to Jane*, he reverted to the less sophisticated and more spontaneous humour which is his true forte. The subject was clearly dear to him, since he took the trouble to write the lyrics for one of the film's semi-philosophical songs. The values explicit in Quine's films are simple and humanely based. Goodness and decency and "inalienable rights" are principles one rarely sees expounded in American cinema today, now that Capra has turned sentimentalist. The scene in the courtroom, in which democracy is vigorously defended, comes over with surprising force, despite the overt propaganda. The political aspect is never of the bulldozing variety, as in the close of Milestone's *Pork Chop Hill*. The old engineman's respect and love for his train and the general appeal to the frontier spirit betokens a director with his finger on the American pulse as dexterously as Capra in the thirties. It is significant that Quine's favourite players are Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon, the epitomes of the *gauche* but well-meaning citizen. Lemmon in *It Happened to Jane* is cast as a lawyer with boy scout ideals, promising to do his best and bis duty to God and the State. Judy Holliday in *The Solid Gold Cadillac* is the champion of the petty share holder.

Quine's sympathy extends to his crooks as well as his heroes. "Why are you so mean?" asks Doris Day's infant of the ruthless businessman in *It Happened to Jane*. Why indeed? Quine's Cinderellas, like Capra's triumph through infectious goodwill. May they all live happily ever after!

IN CAMERA

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the operation of the rules more stringent. The producers must produce evidence that they are in fact going to make a film to fit the title they are registering.

Fair's fair . . . after all, whoever heard of seeing a title without a film? (And Sal Bass fans need not tell me they prefer his titles to many of the films which follow.)

Disk Sale

OFTEN this column has some harsh things to say about the gimmicks used by cinema managers to sell their films. Now for a bouquet.

Some of the Rank cinemas are giving patrons a free postcard-disc. On it is the voice of Peter Sellers and some sound excerpts from his new film, *Never Let Go*.

This is far from a cheap method of publicity, but the publicity is not "cheap." I suspect that where the discs are being given away they are doing their job well.

Mixed Club

LONDON'S Soho is to have a new film club—The Compton. A new cinema opens there in September. And it has a mixed fare to offer patrons—club-only programmes, public programmes of specialist films, mixed I am told with the joys of advanced booking, separate performances and a licensed bar.

The opening programme is ambitious . . . the first British screening of the American 'new wave' film, *Private Property*, a work by Stanley Colbert and Leslie Stevens. I saw it at Cannes . . . admired its technique but hated its depressingly neurotic subject.

Club membership costs ten shillings: and applications can be accepted now (addressed not to us, but to 62 Old Compton Street, London, W.1.).

CUTTINGS

I'm not going to have face lifts and all that stuff. I'm just going to grow old gracefully.—Marilyn Monroe in the *News Chronicle*.

It's important to keep audiences dangling in expectancy, like you play a fish on a line. They like being red herringed off in one direction, only to be pulled back in another.—Alfred Hitchcock in the *Evening News*.

COVER STORY

THE ANGEL WORE RED (originally called *Temptation*) is one of a number of co-productions that M.G.M. is making with Italy's Titanus Films. Shot completely in Italy with Nunnally Johnson directing and Goffredo Lomardo producing, it has as its background the Spanish Civil War at the time when the Loyalists were losing city after city to the rebel Falangists in 1936. The Loyalists, in despair, turn on the Church and murder several priests. In one town the cathedral is sacked, and the town's Holy Relic disappears. The people believe that without this there is no hope of victory.

Dirk Bogarde portrays a priest who forsakes his vows and returns to the world when he becomes convinced that the Church is not meeting its obligations. He later—almost by acident—discovers the whereabouts of the Holy Relic and restores it to its proper place. He becomes involved with a dancer (Ava Gardner).

FIRST: Suzy Parker and Bradford Dillman are currently making their first British film, Circle of Deception. *Here they discuss a scene with the director, Jack Lee—Left. Photo: 20th Century Fox*

ENERGETIC: Now directing his first British film, Dr. Blood's Coffin, *is Canada's energetic Sid Furie (second from left), who wrote, directed and produced* A Dangerous Age. *Here he pauses for a chat with Hazel Court, Kieron Moore and Ian Hunter.—Right, Photo: United Artists*

FORLONG GETS HIS WAY WITH IBSEN

By JOHN VINCENT

NEW Zealand born director, Michael Forlong, last in active production as associate producer on Ealing's *Dunkirk*, more than two years ago, is within sight of realising a years-old personal ambition—to film Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*.

Forlong became interested in the play during a two-year study in Norway when he made *The Shetland Bus* and other films for the Norwegian government. He met with little success when he tried to interest British producers in the idea—until he met American born-British based producer John Nasht who was equally enthusiastic about the potentialities of the subject. Now it is being set up as a top budget production with important German participation and will start within the next few weeks.

The distributors however are astute enough to realise that they are unlikely to sell the subject on its story value and are casting it with a long string of impressive names. Trevor Howard, Robert Morley and Lilli Palmer have already agreed to appear and there is a possibility that Peter Sellers will join the cast.

Says Forlong: "We intend to bulldoze the audience into going along."

The script was written by Harold Buchman in close collaboration with Forlong who made a new translation of the play from the original Norwegian. Says he: 'Not only I am delighted about the picture for its own sake but I think it may well open the door for the filming of other plays—those of Strindberg for instance—which previously have always been regarded as heavy, unfilmable classics.

"In the past, for instance, *The Wild Duck* has always been presented with a great deal of awe and, perhaps, fear. But, at root, it is a very funny comedy, with humour acceptable today as when it was written."

Currently Forlong is completing a very different production—MGM's motor-racing drama *The Green Helmet*, which stars Bill Travers. His main problem has been to try and avoid the heavy histrionics with which the film industry has tended to surround motor-racing in the past.

He said: "I want this to be an adult film about a sport I happen to love very much. I want to show why drivers race, why they are frightened, why they can't give it up.

"And it is not necessary to invent your own theatrical explanations for these emotions. The truth in this instance is far more vivid—as any driver can tell you. I want to make a film which will do justice to them, and not that section of the public which regards racing as a cheap thrill where, if you're lucky, you might see someone get killed.

"A third of the picture is spent on the track but the racing sequences are never used for mere sensational effect. Always they are underlining and explaining the way people are re-acting and thinking."

The 'X' certificate, its uses and abuses, is currently taking a beating at the hands of the exhibitors, the people who actually put the films on your cinema screens. At a recent exhibitors' conference this question found more complete accord than any other single problem.

Let there be no mistake about it. As a general rule it was attacked not on increasing moral grounds but for the more easily understood reasons of decreasing box-office receipts.

The "family audiences" were being driven away by 'X' films it was repeatedly said, and both the Rank and ABC circuits are viewing such subjects with a severely critical eye before giving them a release. Already their views have been mirrored by some of our producers and distributors. Several producers have shelved their 'X' projects until the circuits are more welcoming.

And censor John Trevelyan told delegates that some distributors re-issuing 'X' pictures had asked that they should now be given 'A' certificates. Often, he added he was able to oblige without any cutting. Which makes a pretty thoughtful commentary on the increasing liberalism of the Censor's office. Has the 'X' certificate any value apart from giving a picture a free exploitation gimmick? Yes, said John Trevelyan, he believed the 'X' certificate had meant a number of conscientious pictures being made which otherwise would have been impossible.

One sees what he means of course but it's still pretty ludicrous that a picture like *Suddenly, Last Summer* should be bracketed by the certificate with such films as *I Was a Teenage Sex-Maniac from Outer Space*.

All in all, an outsider looking in on British production right now would find it extremely difficult to decide exactly which way the industry is headed. Side by side with such prestige pictures as the Maurice Evans-Judith Anderson version of *Macbeth* and the projected *Wild Duck* there is still a spate of 'X' subjects and homely-titled comedies in production.

From *The Wild Duck* then the mind rolls easily to *Nearly a Nasty Accident* which is scheduled to go on the floor at much the same time. Bertram Ostrer produces this RAF comedy which will be directed by Don Chaffey (*The Man Upstairs*). Casting so far includes Jimmy Edwards and Kenneth Connor.

In the meantime director Chaffey is putting the final touches to *Greyfriers Bobby*, Walt Disney's personal production which has been filming in Edinburgh and at Shepperton Studios. Stars of this classic dog story: Donald Crisp, Kay Walsh and Laurence Naismith.

Mickey Delemar—producer of *Serious Charge*—plans two further pictures with teenager Cliff Richard next year. The first is now being scripted by Marjorie Allingham from her own teenage drama *Hide My Eyes* and will go into production around the end of January.

Says producer Delemar: "It won't be a

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Films and Filming . . . IN HOLLYWOOD

LEMMON AND LAUGHTON PARTNER IRMA

Studio Review by
Clayton Cole

JACK LEMMON is to play the leading role in the film adaptation of the successful stage musical *Irma la Douce*. He will be paying Nestor-le-Fripe, a law student who marries Irma, a young Parisienne entertainer, who like all French girls believes she should have a lover as well as a husband. Nestor disguises himself as an elderly man in order to be her lover as well, but then becomes jealous of his other self and when he disposes of it he is arrested for murder.

Charles Laughton will be playing the bartender-narrator of the story, which will be filmed on location in Paris next year. *Irma* will be produced and directed by Billy Wilder, who is at present in Paris looking for suitable locations. This will be his third film with Lemmon, they worked together on *Some Like It Hot* and *The Apartment*. The script is being written by Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, who collaborated on the above successes as well as *Witness for the Prosecution* and *Love in the Afternoon*. Just who will be playing the role of *Irma* has not yet been decided; it is one that will need very careful casting.

Before he makes *Irma la Douce* Jack Lemmon will appear on Broadway this Autumn in a play which will be directed by Alexander Mackendrick, and then following that he is due to go to England to make a further film for Columbia (he has three to complete for them under his contract, his most recent being *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*) called *Dangerous Silence*, which Robert Parrish will direct for producer Sam Spiegel. The screenplay is now being written by T. E. B. Clarke from the novel by Donald MacKenzie.

Irma la Douce is shortly to open on Broadway, directed by the man responsible for its London success, Peter Brook. Brook, whose *Moderato Cantabile* was the French entry at Cannes this year, will afterwards continue negotiations with Sam Spiegel in regard to filming *Lord of the Flies*, story of a group of children stranded on a deserted island who make up their own laws and way of government. Brook is flying down to Mexico to look for suitable locations for the film, on which he has been working for over a year.

A WESTERN in Cinerma is the project planned by MGM. Said to be inspired by the Bing Crosby LP *How the West Was Won*, it will deal with some important aspects of the opening up of the West. There will be six spectacular sequences linked by story line, including the Gold Rush and the liking of East and West by rail. Indian attacks, train robberies, cattle drives, will all be featured, as well as many of the legendary characters of the West such as Buffalo Bill, Billy the Kid, Wyatt Earp and so forth.

STRANGERS: Director Richard Quine explains to Kirk Douglas and Kim Novak how he wants a scene for Strangers When We Meet. *Photo: Columbia*

The title of this historical pageantry is *The Great Western Story*, and it will be co-produced by M.G.M. and Bing Crosby Productions. Twelve top stars will be selected for prominent parts, and many of M.G.M.'s promising young actors will be given featured parts. The film will be shot at locations in Colorado, Texas, Oregon and California which are unmarked by civilisation.

M.G.M. has three other big-budget productions which will shorty go into production. The first will be *Mutiny on the Bounty*, which Carol Reed will direct with Marlon Brando playing Fletcher Christian, the part made famous by Charles Laughton. The part of Captain Bligh is yet to be cast, although Peter Finch has been widely discussed for this role.

The other two are *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and *Charlemagne*. The former will star Glenn Ford, and be directed by Vincente Minnelli. *Charlemange* is also planned to be shot in Cinerama, and will be produced by Ted Richmond from a screenplay by Noel Langley.

Arthur Miller's *The Misfits* bas gone into production after several delays. John Huston is directing for U.A. release, and the film stars Montgomery Clift, Marilyn Munroe, Clark Gable, Eli Welbach and Thelma Ritter.

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musical, though Cliff Richard will sing and there will be a coupe of spectacular stage sequences." Second subject has yet to be decided.

When a title brings success to the box-office, then don't we know about it. Rix-Conyers, the production partnership of comic Brian Rix and director Darcy Conyers, have just finiished the third in their *The Night We . . .* series—*The Night We Sprang a Leak*. And further titles are being prepared: *The Night We Lost the Army* and *The Night We Had a Baby*. Which adds up to five *Night We . . .* comedies in less than two years.

Production partnership with more conservative ideas on making sequels are Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliatt. They have just completed *Pure Hell of St. Trinian's*, the first St. Trinian's picture for more than two years. Says Frank Launder: "We believe there should be a pause of two years at the very least before making a sequel to any picture. Both from the point of view of the producer and the audience.

"A producer needs that time, I think, to come up with some new thinking. And an audience needs it if it is to appreciate the picture to the full. In two years, remember, you have a whole new generation coming to the pictures."

Launder and Gilliatt plan a non-comedy next—*Chain Reaction*, which traces the drama and panic which occurs when it's discovered a consignment of tinned food is radioactive. "Our major problem," said Launder, "is to decide whether audiences are yet ready to accept a subject which strikes so near home."

Actor Michael Craig has been signed to a multi-picture contract by American producer Charles Schneer. He has just completed the first—Jules Verne's *Mysterious Island* in which he appeared with Gary Merrill, Herbert Lom and Joan Greenwood. Director was Cy Endfield.

The American King Brothers plan four pictures for production in this country. They are *Day of the Triffids*, which Philip Yordan has scripted from the John Wyndham science-fiction best seller; Robert Presnell Jnr's original screenplay *Heaven With a Gun;* the Pat Frank novel *Mr. Adams* which has been scripted by James Evelyn Bonham and D. F. Demaine and *Maid for Man*, a story and screenplay by Joe Hoffman and Matt Brooks.

Peter Finch, now starring with Mary Peach in the Betty Box-Ralph Thomas screen version of *No Love for Johnnie* will co-star with Robert Morley in 20th Fox's *Casino Royal* which Gregory Ratoff will produce and direct.

Finch and Morley were on strictly opposite sides of the fence during the recent *Oscar Wilde* production battle.

EXODUS

Peter Baker makes the pilgrimage to Israel to see the making of Preminger's

IT was high noon as the 'plane swept low across the Mediterranean. A few hours previously we had been looking down on the parched coastline of Greece. And now, suddenly, like an emerald set in the azur-blue were the green groves of Israel. This then was the Promised Land. And we were here to watch Otto Preminger making his three-and-a-half hour saga of the fulfilment of that Promise.

As we circled Tel-Aviv to land we could almost see the whole of Israel below us—Galilee in the North, the Dead Sea in the South. The guide book so thoughtfully provided before we left by the Israel Consulate had emphasised how small is the new country—260 miles long, at times only 12 miles wide. Not unlike Wales. Except it is expanding its population the whole time. Every day more immigrants return to the homeland. When the State of Israel was established in May 1948, the Jewish population was 650,000; today it exceeds 1,800,000. . . plus 150,000 Moslems, 47,612 Christians and 21,344 Druzes.

The Customs officer took a quick look at our *Exodus* passes and asked us to sign a declaration that we would not take any Israeli pounds out of the country. Five minutes later we were in a vast American car, all scarlet and chrome, and the driver was telling us that the unit had moved for the final Israeli sequences in Jerusalem.

A large man riding a small donkey momentarily blocked the road. There was some horn blowing and braying. And we shot off past a group of Arabs, travelling we were told to the Arab market at Beersheba. The driver was saying: "Israel wants her Arabs to be loyal citizens and affords them every opportunity to maintain their own culture and traditions."

We swung from a rising ridge of olive trees and swept past a baked-dry village at 80-kilometres. "That's where Samson was born," the driver said. We wanted to know if we could see Christ's birthplace. No; Bethlehem was in Jordan. Where He died? No; the old part of Jerusalem was in Jordan. Like Berlin, the capital of Israel was a divided city.

Moments later we were in a valley, winding our way up a gorge to the Jerusalem heights. On either side were the burnt out shells of armoured cars. On some, the faded wreaths placed there more than a decade ago. "They remind people coming to Jerusalem of the lives that were sacrificed when the *haganah* defended us in 1948 against the Arab bombardment."

High up the hill a group of strong-limbed Jewish youths looking on the Jordan side of the valley towards an Arab village. An Arab lad with a bright red fez could be seen on a roof-top. He appeared to be making a rude gesture.

Rambling City

Then we saw Jerusalem. A vast, rambling city of new administrative buildings, shops and homes. The design is functional. Nothing chic or ostentatious. But a confident solidarity. The Knesset (the national assembly) building stands like some London Police station, ten minutes walking distance from the Jordanian border.

We told the driver we thought it was fantastic that when the military situation could explode again at any time, the Israelis should pick Jerusalem for their capital. He looked towards Mount Zion. "We are a confident people," he said.

The hotel had a view of the Mount of Olives and a swimming pool surrounded by bronzed flesh in bikinis. Mostly technicians' wives (staying at their own expense). The publicity department had thoughtfully left in my room a copy of Leon Uris's book *Exodus* (about 180,000 words) and a folder of hand-outs about the film (about 190,000 words). Among the welter of papers I nearly missed the invitation to cocktails with the Mayor.

I spent the afternoon finding out what *Exodus* is all about. The way Otto Preminger sees the story is this:

In 1947 an American nurse, Kitty Fremont, arrives in Cyprus to see the British commander, in the hope of finding out details about her husband's death. (He was a newspaper photographer in Paestine and was killed in a strafing attack by an unidentified 'plane). She finds some 30,000 Jews interned on the island by the British, who are preventing refugees from Central Europe reaching the mandated territory.

Kitty stays to help in the detention camp. There she meets young Karen (hoping to find her father in Israel); Dov, the embittered youth from the Warsaw ghetto; and old doctor Odenheim.

Elsewhere in Cyprus, Ari Ben Canaan, an agent of the *haganah*, has arrived with the intention of defying the blockade and getting a shipload of refugees from Cyprus into Israel. He disguises himself as a British officer, obtains a leaky old Greek ship, and convoys his passengers to it. The ship is now called Exodus. The ship's path is blocked by British destroyers and the Jews vow to blow themselves up if boarded by British soldiers.

Kitty, fearing for little Karen's health, boards the Exodus. She stays with the passengers on the voyage to Haifa. As soon as they arrive in Palestine, the refugees are immediately confronted with the sharp political differences among the Jews themselves. . . the *haganah*, which believes independence can only come about by peaceful means: and the *irgun*, who are convinced the British will only leave if they operate a policy of terrorism.

Dov, the boy from the Warsaw ghetto, joins the *irgun* and soon becomes one of its most daring members.

Tension mounts in Palestine as the United Nations moves closer to a decision on partition. Kitty again meets Ari, this time in Jerusalem. They fall in love. But there is a shadow over their happiness, for Ari is unable to pursuade his uncle Akiva from urging further *irgun* terrorism.

The *irgun* blow up British headquarters at the King David Hotel and Akiva is caught, and condemned to death. Ari joins forces with the *irgun* to free the captives from the ancient Acre prison. Ari is badly wounded in the action.

Following the United Nation vote in favour of partition on November 29, 1947, Arab attacks on the Jews immediately mount. Syrian commandos are led by a German officer to wipe out Gan Dafna. The Jews stand alone in a great final struggle to win their independence. The film ends as the *haganah* trucks go roaring into the night.

I decided to walk over to the King David Hotel where Preminger and his unit were blowing it up for a second time (this time with harmless black smoke). On the way I was stopped by a German Jew, a local cobbler. He has seen the *Exodus* publicity material under my arm and wanted to tell me *his* story. He had a scrap book of concentration camp pictures. His wife had been raped and gassed. He has married again. He just simply wanted me to know the intensity

REFUGEE SHIP: The title takes its name from the refugee ship, Exodus, seen here laden with its refugee 'extras' with the camera unit in the foreground. When not in the picture, the ship was used for transporting equipment.

OBSERVER: Star Paul Newman looks as director Otto Preminger graphically shows Eva Marie Saint (out of picture) how he wants a scene to go.

RELAXING: Sal Mineo sits this one out . . . with a group of Abyssinian priests, whose ceremony formed a realistic background to one of the church scenes.

of joy with which he has started life again in his homeland. I don't think any film could be quite as moving as that cobbler's simple tale.

The time I reached the King David, shooting was over for the day. It was night. The stars were shining brightly in the East, over Bethlehem. The ball porter at the King David told me that since the film unit had moved in, American tourists arriving to see the Holy Land were hailing cabs with the instruction, "Follow that star!" I liked his sense of humour.

I finally met Preminger the next day in church. They were shooting a scene in which Dov hides from the British soldiers. It was being done in the Abyssinian Church. A dozen black-skinned priests in their gold, silver and scarlet robes were conducting a coptic service. It was a real church; they were real priests. "Ask them to snuff out that candle", Sam Leavitt, the director of photography, was saying to an assistant director.

Outside it was seventy-five in the shade. Inside, as the generators supplied current for the vast arcs, the temperature was becoming unbearable. Sal Mineo (as Dov) was bursting with perspiration in his hiding place behind a curtain.

Foot Wrong

Take One (the soldier-actor put a foot wrong); Take Two, the camera tracked too soon; Take Three, the actor-priests started the chanting too late; Take Four, and an arc needed trimming at a vital moment; Take Five, and again the actor put a foot wrong. Then the camera had to be re-loaded. Take Six. "Print that," said Preminger. The lights hissed into oblivion. We staggered from this hothouse into the comparative coolness of the midday sun.

Preminger had time to talk about his film. Yes, he agreed the novel was anti-British. But when he came himself to Israel, he found few Jews who had any anti-British feelings. So he changed the novel. The British General Sutherland (Ralph Richardson) is no longer half-Jewish; but he is shown to have a sympathy for the refugees based wholly on his own, deep sense of humility.

Yes, it was true that Dalton Trumbo, who wrote the script, had been in an American prison because the McCarthy witch-hunters had branded him a Communist. "He's a good writer," says Preminger, "and I believe in individual freedom." So Preminger is putting Trumbo's name back on the screen . . . whatever the American public says.

(Trumbo, a quiet unassuming man in his late youth, turned up on location. He has been in the wilderness since his "offence." He has been writing under assumed names . . . one of them, Robert Rich, for which he won an Academy Award for *The Brave One*, but couldn't come forward to collect it!)

Preminger is mopping perspiration from his brow. "Lord Mountbatten read the script and liked it. The British wanted a few changes in the dialogue, and I made them. They would be giving us practical help with the Cyprus sequences, only the state of emergency there makes it impossible."

So Jews are playing British soldiers; and Israeli destroyers have been disguised as British destroyers.

Was he keeping strictly to the script? "Of course," said Preminger almost reverendly. The shooting script was completed only after director and writer had made an extensive tour to find the right locations for each scene. Nothing is shot in a studio.

"I believe the cinema must be realistic," Preminger is saying. The Acre prison break was done at Acre prison. British special effects man Cliff Richardson recreated the original window blow-out.

I looked about for a make-up man. The only "artificial aid" the artists were using was a Mediterranean sun tan.

DONKEY BOY: Sal Mineo had to ride a donkey . . . which is easier for the scriptwriter to say than for the actor to do, but donkey and Sal were soon together.

Has Preminger been given Israeli finance for his film? No. He says it is all made with American dollars. "I'm not doing this for Israel although I'm a Jew," he says. "It's a marvellous story and I believe it will make a marvellous entertainment."

The assistant director came out of the hothouse. The crew had lined up for another shot and Preminger was wanted for rehearsals.

Some people say Preminger has a sharp tongue. He has. He doesn't hesitate in that steam heat to tell everybody what is wrong. Perhaps they overlook the words of encouragement. He is equally quick to say what he likes.

A publicity man between takes whispers that he was going to play in the film as a German officer but decided that producing and directing was quite enough. I contemplated the work in getting three-and-a-half hours' screen time in fourteen weeks' location shooting. I thought it more than enough.

I was coming out from the pool when an Israel tourist office official came to say a car was waiting to show us Jerusalem. There were two Japanese journalists, two German journalists, and me. We drank orange juice and contemplated Mount Zion . . . holy to the Arabs, holy to the Jews, and holy to the Christians.

Memorial Crypt

Behind the tomb of King David, just within the old wall, is a crypt devoted to a memorial to the Jews who died in German concentration camps. Crematorium ashes, human soap, human skin lampshades are preserved in the gloom. The Germans, the Japanese and myself don skull caps in reverence. We light candles of remembrance. The Jews there are in tears. It is morbid, it is unhealthy; but we can understand. Outside is a coil of barbed wire and a notice announcing that it is enemy territory beyond. Twenty paces on the other side an Arab soldier keeps watch on a pile of sandbags.

The guide is taking us into a small pillared room. It is an upper room. He has collected the skull caps. He casually says this is the room where the Last Supper was

VICTIMISED: Writer Dalton Trumbo discusses a point in the action with producer - director Otto Preminger. Trumbo, victimised by the late witch-hunting Senator McCarthy, will have his name reinstated on American screen credits for Exodus.

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held. Opposite is a Benedictine church, built to celebrate the spot where the Virgin Mary is said to have died. On the door is a notice in several languages instructing girls to be properly dressed. A quiet spoken monk tells me in English: "It's not for boys. Girls . . . they sometimes give their hearts too freely." I thought he was laughing.

Our guide took us to a hill beyond the ancient wall from where on one side we could see the village of Bethlehem, on the other the place of the Crucifixion. Between, the Judean desert, the wilderness. We were thinking of the Christ story. "The Syrians attacked us from there and the Egyptians came in on the other side of Bethlehem," the guide was saying.

We saw the magnificent new Treasury offices and a beautiful, flower-strewn cemetery for the heroic dead of 1948. The guide told us *his* story. His father was a Persian Jew who traded carpets with Russia. He brought his family to the Promised Land in 1923 . . . on horseback.

Flown to States

Back in the hotel I had dinner with some of the *Exodus* crew. Preminger has brought a unit of 160, almost equally divided into American, British, Italian and Israeli. Some are Jews; some aren't. The film is being shot in Panavision and Technicolor; that is, a 65mm wide film which has to be processed in Hollywood. El Al, the Israeli airline, flies the film to the States every day and 'rushes' are ready to be seen four and a half days later.

The sound unit has a tough job. Preminger refuses to dub. He wants tracks of sufficient quality to be used in the final prints. It adds realism; but most of the sound boys prefer making guide tracks and dubbing in the studio later.

The Israeli technicians are excited. The unit is using their small studio at Tel Aviv as a base; and the experience gained in working for a big Hollywood production is valuable experience to a small, but expanding national film industry.

I drink sweet Israeli wine and become baffled by statistics. Eleven mobile generators can supply 8,500 amps., the largest lighting unit ever to be taken on location. Eighteen thousand Israelis were packed in the Russian Church square for one scene . . . the production manager got them there by organising a lottery with a local company. They wanted to see who had won a prize trip to Hollywood.

Some American tourists came into the dining room. They wanted to know if *Exodus* was a de Millestyle spectacle. They seemed disappointed when a member of the camera crew said there was no chariot race. The waitress who was tidying the table was beautiful. She looked young and happy. On her forearm was the blue tattoo number of a concentration camp. I thought of Eichmann, who the Jews had so spectacularly captured, of the pending trial. Could it be fair? This powerful, passionate nationalism could at any moment explode, perhaps in frightening directions.

The next day the sun was even hotter. The unit was at another church (Christian, built on the site from where, it is said, the tree was felled for making the Cross). Otto Preminger leaned against a rail in the cloisters, crying like a child. He was showing young Jill Hayworth (who plays Karen), how he wanted her to cry when she hears the crack of Arab guns. Jill falls into Paul Newman's waiting arms while Preminger stands behind the camera and bawls "Explosion" with a heavy Austrian accent, giving Jill her cues to cry and fall *et cetera, et cetera.* (Later, the Preminger explosions will be dubbed with the real ones, although a sound man easing his earphones was heard to remark there was barely a need for the real thing.)

We eat a location lunch out of boxes. On the way back to the hotel the driver stops at a *kibbutz* (one of the many collective settlements for immigrants). The children are celebrating Pentecost with a crude yet impressive ceremony. Less than a couple of miles away, more fortunate children are attending the Hebrew University, a magnificent group of new buildings commanding a fine view of Jerusalem and housing in the archives some of the Dead Sea scrolls.

Fanatical Followers

The official guides had said nothing about the area of Jerusalem known as The Hundred Gates. I found myself there by accident the same evening. Within the walls live several thousand people who fanatically follow the Jewish religion. From childhood, boys begin to grow their hair at either side in long twisted strands. The men dress in traditional black, wear beards. Few of them work; and money collected throughout Jewry enables them to live at a very low standard and study. Without exception they turn their backs to any camera. They have been known to stone cars driven in the area on the Sabbath. One English-speaking youngster of sixteen (he had studied in America) told me he wanted to become a Rabbi. The boys rocked their desks monotonously from side to side to help learn their prayers by heart. They study often until ten o'clock at night; and invariably the girl they marry is picked for them by their elders.

I mentioned my impressions of the clash I found in Israel between the old and the new to Larry Frisch, one of Preminger's assistant directors. Frisch, who has worked in the States and now lives in Israel, is the maker of several Israeli feature films and is a highly respected technician in his own country. From him I discovered another clash among Jews. There is a colour bar. It works like this: Many new Jewish immigrants come from the oriental countries. Their skins are dark and in many cases they lack the standards of education which Jews from the north have enjoyed. So they get cold-shouldered, if not worse. I found it rather sad to see incidents of colour prejudice exercised within a race that has itself suffered from racial persecution. Frisch has a film in script form which comments on this trend within the framework of a thriller. But the Government censorship authorities won't let him make it in its present form. I found that sad, too; particularly as the guide book says, " . . . the Jewish people . . . hope to return and here revive their political freedom." But not, apparently for film-makers.

But to return to *Exodus*. Between one of those long breaks in shooting (while cinematographer Sam Leavitt was trying to fit his vast camera into a small crypt . . . one of his boys said the credit should read, "Shadowgraph by Sam Leavitt") I sat in the shade with Paul Newman and discussed his approach to the role of Ari. In another shady corner, Eva Marie Saint was doing a tape interview for American radio and Sal Mineo was explaining to a German lady that he hadn't forgotten to shave, but had to look that way for one of his scenes.

First to Arrive

Newman was among the first of the *Exodus* unit to arrive in Israel. He spent several weeks getting the feel of the country and its people. In this way he thought he would better blend into the landscape. He denied that he followed any "method," said he tried to think each role out in his own terms. Were they also Otto Preminger's "terms," I wanted to know? No comment. Preminger has been accused of bullying his artists. I didn't see any bullying, but it is obvious from Preminger's whole approach to film-making he knows what he wants and expects his artists to give it him.

And the Preminger control does not end there. Most evenings he drove to the small studios at Tel Aviv to supervise the editing. And later this year, when the film is ready for distribution, it will be Preminger's hand behind the advertising and sales campaigns. (He may not tell Saul Bass how to do the title designs, but I have no doubt he'll throw out the first Bass designs if he doesn't like them).

I was packing my bags while downstairs they were filming the last shots in the hotel foyer. I asked a hotel porter if he was anxious to see the film. He said no, he didn't like the book; and he added that lots of Jews don't like the book either. "It might be good propaganda," he said, "but it's not very true to life."

Frankly I don't think Preminger's film will either be true to life . . . or true to the book. But I'll be surprised if it's not fantastically good entertainment, an adventure yarn with a fabulous background. And, if we're lucky, a glimpse of the land flowing with milk . . . and money.

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applauding while two women dance together at his behest. The flash-backs were slow dissolves of one image over another—a silently closing door, a hotel glimpsed through the trees, an elaborate birthday cake . . . Crawford handled her early scenes well, with great viciousness and passion, but after her surgery became a talking mask.

"Prizes! Awards! Ribbons! We had two pictures here. An Andy Hardy picture with little Mickey Rooney, and *Ninotchka*, with Greta Garbo. *Ninotchka* got the prizes. Blue ribbons! Purple ribbons! Nine bells and seven stars! Which picture made the money? *Andy Hardy* made the money. No ribbons!"

In the hope of making Garbo more popular with the great American public, Mayer, whose words are quoted above, decided to serve her up in a remake of the 1925 farce, *Her Sister From Paris*, a sort of *Guardsman* in reverse, retitled *Two-Faced Woman*.

Cukor, who was directing, explained to the press: "This is just frothy entertainment, light all the way through. We tried to make it gay and funny". However, "we" succeeded only in being vulgar. The spectacle of Garbo demeaning herself as a tipsy siren burlesquing the Conga, revelling in a bathing suit, was far from being amusing. It was abhorrent. No wonder the Legion of Decency condemned it. Normally I don't support the dictums of this organisation; but in this case I'm sorry that they withdrew the ban after Meyer had made some minor changes.

The film should never have been made. That it was, can be laid to Mayer's venality. Truly, he killed the fabled goose; for Miss Garbo never appeared on the screen again.

Cukor was equally unfortunate in his next assignment: *Her Cardboard Lover*, another of Mayer's rehashed farces—this time, of 1932's *The Passionate Plumber*—enhanced nobody's reputation and put finish to the career of its star, Norma Shearer.

New Partnership

Meanwhile, back on the Hepburn front, George Stevens had directed *Woman Of The Year*, a comedy which inaugurated the Hepburn-Spencer Tracy partnership. This film was so successful that Mayer cast its principals into Donald Ogden Stewart's adaptation of I. A. R. Wylie's novel, *Keeper Of The Flame*. Although dealing with the influence of Facism in the America of the thirties, the script handled its arguments intelligently, but with a tendency to melodramatics that were increased by the studied overplaying of Richard Whorf.

In 1942, Cukor was signed up by the United States Signal Corps. He was sent to New York and found himself located in the Astoria picture studios, where he had commenced his career thirteen years before. The Corps brass liked *Keeper Of The Flame* so much that he was ordered to direct that inspiring documentary, *Resistance And Ohm's Law*. (Ohm's Law states that the current produced in a conductor by a difference of electrical potential between its ends is proportional to this potential divided by a constant peculiar to the conductor, and called its resistance. Thus, if we double the voltage, we double the current. Simple, isn't it?)

Soon after completing this, he was honourably discharged—for being over-age (44). He observed ruefully that he was "one of the few Hollywood personalities who entered a private and left a private".

Reporting back to Mayer in early November '43, he was handed the directorial reins of *Gaslight*.

TORRID: A torrid love scene between Anna Magnani (as a rancher's wife) and Anthony Franciosa (the rancher's adopted son) from George Cukor's Wild is the Wind.
Photo: Paramount

Patrick Hamilton's play *Angel Street*, had been filmed in Britain by Thorold Dickinson in 1940 under the title *Gaslight*. Mayer liked the film so much that he purchased the complete rights and systematically destroyed every print and negative in existence. Mayer reasoned that he would make more money if he remade the film with "American" stars—Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman. The remake was released in Britain as *The Murder In Thornton Square*.

When I first saw the film a year or so ago (in a theatre—I never look at the remnants on TV) I was a little disappointed: Screenwriters John van Druten, Walter Reisch and John L. Balderston have made a number of structural errors. In the first place, they have made identification of the murderer and his motives so obvious, no suspense hinges on the subsequent revelation. Secondly, they have thrown the full weight of maintaining the film's interest on the heroine, whom they have failed to establish as a sufficiently sympathetic character. Thirdly, they dwell for such great length on the "mysterious" noises in the attic that they soon become merely boring; —an effect enhanced by Miss Bergman's somewhat hysterical style of acting. (This is not to say that Miss Bergman didn't deserve her Academy Award, for she acts out the script's limited emotions and limitless dialogue with great assurance and vigour.)

Lustrous Photography

Miss Bergman was very happy with Joseph Ruttenberg's photography, for it made her into a lustrous figure of charm and beauty. Ruttenberg was nominated for an Academy Award but lost out, unjustly in my opinion, to Joseph La Shelle's *Laura*. However, Art Directors Cedric Gibbons and William Ferrari received one. And the film came seventh in the 1944 poll.

After a not particularly successful essay away from the drawing-room in the field of spectacular propaganda, Moss Hart's *Winged Victory*, which he directed for Darryl F. Zanuck at Twentieth Century in the latter half of 1944, Cukor took an extended holiday, reporting back for work at MGM in April, 1947, when he was signed to another remake,—this time of Leonhard Frank's novel *Carl and Anna*, which had originally been filmed in 1928 Germany as *Homecoming* by Joe May. Cukor did not see eye to eye with the new film's star, Robert Mitchum. After a few weeks of shooting, the director withdrew, and Producer Arthur Hornblow Jr. called in Jack Conway.

Cukor now entered upon his famous partnership with Ruth Gordon and her husband, Garson Kanin. Their first venture was a melodrama, *A Double Life*, produced by Garson's brother, Michael, at Universal in 1947. Ronald Colman's Academy Award-winning portrayal of a Shakespearian actor gone wrong and Shelley Winter's sluttish waitress provided the film's chief excitements. Cukor's style was similar to that of *A Woman's Face*, abounding in low-key shadows and theatrical effects.

George was then sent to London to film Robert Morley and Noel Langley's West End success, *Edward, My Son*. Despite the critics, I must admit that my impression of this film was a favourable one. I was aware that as the story progressed, it became less and less credible, none the less I was still young enough at the time to admire the novelty of using Spencer Tracy as a kind of Prologue; and of cleverly avoiding the entrance of Edward on stage.

Cukor's lack of success with Deborah Kerr might be attributed to the absurdity of her role.

Most Famous

Back with the Kanins and the Hepburn-Tracy team, Cukor made one of his most famous films, *Adam's Rib*, a production which, I feel, has been much over-praised. True, it opens exceedingly well, with Judy Holliday going through a parody of that time-worn situation: jealous wife shoots husband in mistress's apartment. Tracy and Hepburn play husband-and-wife lawyers who find themselves appearing for opposite sides at the subsequent trial. After establishing this promising premise, the comedy unexpectedly deteriorates. For no reason at all, an irritating boob, David Wayne, is introduced. Then Hepburn starts to philosophise on The Rights of Women in the Community. The picture gets steadily worse and worse, culminating in a climax of exuberant bathos.

After filming *A Life Of Her Own*, an average A-grade Lana Turner vehicle of little distinction, Cukor was reunited with Garson Kanin on Columbia's *Born Yesterday*.

Although constructed on the same formula as *Adam's Rib*—a promising, hilarious opening, an overtalkative middle, and propaganda-preaching finale—*Born Yesterday* was redeemed by Judy Holliday's Academy Award-winning portrayal of the dumb ex-chorus girl whom shady junk-dealer Broderick Crawford has brought to help bribe a senator or two.

Cukor was recently asked to explain why he used such long takes in this film as that of the Holliday-Crawford poker game, shot without cuts, with no movement from the camera and almost none from the protagonists. "If the scenes are funny in themselves, you don't need to play about with them," he replied. "Once you get them right, you can go ahead."

Writer-producer Charles Brackett now gave Cukor a job on the Fox lot, directing a pot-boiler, *The Model and the Marriage Broker*, distinguished only by Zero Mostel's energetic playing. (Yet even this cannot be attributed to Cukor, as it is probably the

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work of Dialogue Coach James Vincent.)

Rejoining the Kanins at Columbia in late '51, Cukor worked on their best film, *The Marrying Kind*. This purported to examine the problems of an ordinary present-day marriage. The man works in the post office, the girl was a typist. After they get married, they are subjected to various stresses—minor quarrels, financial difficulties, a near win on a radio quiz, the death of their eldest child—problems which find them individually unprepared and defenceless.

Despite the presence of Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray as well as the comic "business" provided for them, many critics complimented the film on its honesty. But it is not so much "honest" as a successful compromise. The opening is typical: We find Miss Holliday and Mr. Ray discussing their broken marriage in the divorce court. In answer to a question by the judge, Ray recounts how they first met. The scene dissolves to Central Park. Ray's voice continues on the sound track: "It was one Bastion, and we had a habit of every Saturday afternoon, sometimes Sundays, to go over in the Park and horse around, play a game of ball, get a row-boat, pitch pennies. But this one day we happened to be walking along having a discussion. We were figurin' this idea back and forth, about the post office see, where the both of us work and we were real engrossed like you get on scientific subjects. Next thing you know, these two girls come walking right through between us. So we looked them over, and George says: 'Bet you a buck they look back!' So I said 'Bet!' So sure enough they look back." The girls are seen to turn round. Ray raises his hat. Holliday's voice cuts in: "We did not!" To which Ray asserts: "I remember paying him the buck!" He continues: "So then George gets this idea to cut around this other path and run, see, very fast, up and around past them. I couldn't talk him out of it, and I couldn't hold him back, so . . . On the other side, sure enough, there they were, givin' us the eye, and we come right through between them. And we kept right on walking, we never looked back at all." Holliday's voice: "It so happens, I remember it different!" "That's how it was. Then George says to do it again. So we go racin' around . . . And by this time we figured they must have been goin' crazy." "As if we weren't wise to the whole gag all along." "And again we didn't look back." "We neither." But by this time I'd kind of got a good look at them and they looked nice, you know, regular, not just a couple of ordinary girls. I don't remember what happened next, but next thing you know we're all standin' around talking. There's George right away with the address book. That's the kind of guy he was. And I said to him 'put it way', but no, he keeps trying to date them up. That George, he has no resistance. So then we started goin' around together, the four of us. Two couples . . . And it was right there that night in Florence's hallway the subject came up, by her sayin', 'How come a fella like you isn't even married? What are you waitin' for, the boss's daughter?' I remember laughing, because I thought it was pretty cute at the time. But anyways we got talkin' about it pretty serious, and I started in explaining something about my theory I held at that time. My theory was I didn't want to get married." Quick dissolve on Ray's last sentence to group shot of the wedding.

Notice how the Kanins gloss over awkward situations: "But anyways, we got talkin' about it pretty serious . . ." And again: "I don't remember what happened next, but next thing you know we're all standin' around talking."

Sugar Coating

The disparate elements of satire, fantasy (there is a quite remarkable dream sequence) and farce were intended to deceive the public by sugar-coating the hard pill of the script's critical examination of social mores. But the audience was awake to this subterfuge. The film was not a commercial success.

Cukor and Aldo Ray now moved to MGM, where they made *Pat and Mike*, a lightweight slice of entertainment which successfully provided the following opportunities: for Katharine Hepburn to display her athletic prowess—she almost defeats Gussie Moran in a yawnful tennis tournament, she becomes an American woman golf champion, she also plays baseball and is something of an expert at Judo; for Spencer Tracy to prove that he can be illiterate and still have his heart of solid gold; for Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon to write specious, amusing dialogue, kidding Dr. Hepburn's spare physique; for Director Cukor to burlesque film gangsters, pugilists and other stereotypes.

Cukor and Spencer Tracy now hopped on to the set of *The Actress*, screenplayed by Ruth Gordon from her quasi-autobiographical stage play, *Years Ago*. It is a quiet, undramatic study of an adolescent girl's determination to go on the stage, set in a lower middle-class home in a small New England town at the turn of the century. The Spirit and manners of that family situation are depicted with some integrity, though characterisation is abandoned now and then, for caricature—a typical Gordon defect.

Be this as it may, *The Actress* has more verisimilitude than most film attempts to show effects of the lure of the metropolitan stage upon the rural young. Jean Simmons plays the "actress" whose association with the theatre has so far been confined to a front-row bench in the gallery. Spencer Tracy is Father, rough-tongued, with a heart of gold (once more) and a tendency to hark back, in all emergencies, to the days of his seafaring youth. While Anthony Perkins displayed an engaging wholesomeness that was generically different from his recent performances.

Back with Judy Holliday at Columbia in late '53, George worked on another typical Garson Kanin creation, *It Should Happen To You*—a promising opening which fails to materialise as the film progresses. Miss Holliday's naive ingenuousness was supposed to be revealed by such lines as: "Different people do different things that might seem crazy to different people but it isn't if you know what I mean." Ad nauseam.

Energetic Manner

George Cukor is a little fat man with a large nose, thick horn-rimmed glasses, and a decidedly nervous yet energetic manner. Despite, or maybe because of his knowledge of the female psyche, he has never married, but loves to throw lavish parties in his Beverly Hills residence. He once made the mistake of inviting producer Arthur Freed, who retorted: "I hate parties. I go to a party, I always get sat next to somebody I have to talk to. Some people in this town, they'll book eleven parties a week, if they can."

Miss Joan Crawford has recently thrown some light on Cukor's directorial method. "In 1939," she recalls, "I was impatient for different roles. I'd been a flapper in the age of flappers, and a sophisticated lady in an era of sophistication. I begged for the part of the heavy in *The Women*. Mr. Mayer was dubious. I pleaded with him, with producer Hunt Stromberg, and finally with George Cukor"—who successfully interceded for her—"It was not as easy as it sounds. Mr. Cukor is a hard task-master, a fine director, and he took me over the coals, made me rehearse over and over, not just lines, but even words. He gave me the roughest time I ever had and I'm eternally grateful. He made me concentrate on voice and projection."

It can be seen from these statements that Cukor concerns himself primarily with dialogue, and only after that with action and detail

Over Budget

After the disaster of *A Star Is Born*—it ran two million dollars in excess of its original one-and-a-half million budget and therefore, despite a fair to good audience response, was unable to retrieve its negative cost at the box-office—Cukor was induced by Irene Mayer Selznick to return to the New York stage. The play was *The Chalk Garden*. But Cukor found the theatre to be not as he had left it in the late twenties, and since the changes were not to his liking, be withdrew from the production soon after the out-of-town opening.

MGM then sent him to Pakistan for his first spectacle film, *Bhowani Junction*, adapted from John Masters's best-selling novel about the last days of the British in India. The massive crowd scenes of "passive resistance" were well directed, though it must be conceded that Cukor received considerable assistance from producer Pandro S. Berman.

Cukor then tries his hand at a musical comedy, *Les Girls*, a fairly routine, if lavishly mounted movie, in which Cukor's hand is hardly distinguishable from that of Charles Walters in *High Society*. In both cases the director is a mere pawn in the hands of the set decorator, the choreographer, and the costume designer. In Cukor's film, of course, acting on the female side is expertly controlled—indicating the true bent of his talent, as Gene Kelly is allowed to give once more of his jaded, take-it-or-leave-it charm.

Cukor then found himself over at Paramount, directing Anna Magnani in a vehicle called *Wild Is The Wind*. This title would seem to promise an old-fashioned melodrama—a misgiving which is fulfilled, despite such up-to-date refinements as the crooning of a dirge over the credits.

Inspired by a cheap novelette from the pen of Vittorio Novarese, Arnold Schulman's screenplay is the one about the widower who marries his deceased wife's sister who is attracted to his adopted son. This tearful tirade is eminently suited to Signorina Magnani's brand of high-octane hysterics.

Magnani is, I feel, a much over-praised actress; and though I'm no fan of the sugary Jane Wymans or the cloying Loretta Youngs, I far prefer their incredible elegance to Magnani's reprehensible vulgarity.

Back in '46 Cukor declined Zanuck's invitation to direct *The Razor's Edge*, because he did not approve of the script. For similar reasons, in 1958 he refused to handle *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. Instead, he signed a two-picture deal with Paramount on a profit-participation basis. The films, both starring Sophia Loren, were to be *Heller in Pink Tights* and *Two Women*, from the novel by Moravia, co-starring Anna Magnani.

BERLIN

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was based was genuinely a humane figure during the last war, it seems unfortunate that such a film should have been entered in the Berlin film festival.

The Italian entry, *Il Mattatore*, was quite uncontroversial, and more in the style that one is accustomed to associate with Italian films of the post-war period. The story of an enterprising actor with little talent for the stage but a great deal for the confidence game, gives Vittorio Gassman a dandy opportunity to assume a series of different personalities ranging from a black leather jacketed lad to Greta Garbo. Although much of it is entertaining, the film as a whole lapses into a string of episodes, lacking unity.

The second German entry, much publicized during the Festival, has the appealing title of *A Glass of Water*. Director Helmut Kautner tried applying Brechtian techniques of Epic Theatre to a glossy Technicolor musical-comedy. The result is curious to say the least—rather Brecht with thick chocolate sauce. Also the comedy was apparently intended to be high and light. It wasn't.

Greece's talented Michael Cacoyannis presented a strange, complex, interesting film, *Our Last Spring*, about a group of wealthy adolescents in Athens. It somehow never caught the critics or public despite its apparent merit.

Japan sent a lively three-part study of modern day Japanese women, which had one of the most delightful animated credits ever presented in a film, showing a charming, tasteful striptease as the titles progressed. The picture caught quite interestingly the complex of tensions between the old and modern Japan, even though the actual plot-lines of the stories were not particularly original in themselves.

Apart from the beautifully made Dutch documentary, the usual impressive Disney animal film (this time *Jungle Cats*) and the two American entries, *Inherit the Wind* and *Wild River*, both have been reviewed by FILMS AND FILMING), this then represents the totality of films deserving a place in the Festival. With few exceptions the short films and documentaries were even less fortunate than the features.

For the Americans the Tenth Berlin Festival must have been something of a disappointment. The MPEA, angry at what they imagined to be slights suffered at the hands of Cannes and Venice, had planned to throw all their weight behind the Berlin festival, hoping thereby to make it *the* festival simply by the presence of good American films. And *Inherit the Wind* did receive an excellent reception, an enthusiastic press, and promised to win the Bear until *The Angry Silence* appeared. But all in all, considering the US efforts in bringing in Eric Johnstone, Gene Kelly, Cary Grant, Tina Louise, and Jo Van Fleet, and in giving one of the biggest, if one of the worst, parties of the festival; the ultimate Festival return for them was small indeed. The French and the British by trying much less hard, clearly achieved far more.

The whole Festival atmosphere was curiously limp, compounded no doubt by the presence of so many dreary films. The almost constant rain and elaborate German efficiency which, on the whole, turned out to be an especially intricate form of red tape contributed to pulling down spirits. Day after day the Berlin public stood politely about the entrance to the Am Zoo, where most of the festival organization is housed, waiting hopefully to applaud a real live movie star. At the festival screenings this public turned out to be amazingly obedient and apathetic as compared to the usual spirited vocal festival crowds of other countries. A concert held within the frame of festival activities by a French Naval Band did manage to produce a small riot.

Throughout the Festival foreign journalists were surreptitiously invited to visit the DEFA I studios in the East part of the city, while West Germans diligently tried to discourage them with tales of vanishing newspapermen. And Mayor Willy Brandt held tea parties, and made himself readily available to the press in order that journalists in town for the Festival "might take back the message to the free world that West Berlin will hold on." He admitted that the Festival's primary goal was one of propaganda, and after twelve days of largely uplift films one was ready to agree.

A Society for the Specialist

THE Grasshopper Group, the amateur film production organisation, in collaboration with the Federation of Film Societies, is organising a small and specialised film study group during the coming winter season. Approximate membership, 50.

Meetings, intended for film addicts and serious students of cinema only, will be on Saturdays, once a month, from 6.30 p.m. onwards. First programme, Saturday, September 10th.

Secretary of film study group, for further information on how to join: D. Riddiford, 84 Blythe Vale, Catford, London, S.E.6.

Programme will include: A review of Australian film production from the silent period to 1955, including *The Sentimental Bloke*, work of John Heyer, Festival documentaries, *Mike and Stefani*, and *Three in One*.

A tribute to Henri Storck; a review of three forms of production of the National Film Board of Canada; and a review of screen comedy.

Old Time Hit

By JOHN FRANCIS LANE

I AM sure that Mussolini would be very surprised to hear that in the summer of 1960 one of the top box-office successes of the Rome Cinema season was a picture made in 1925 in Soviet Russia and considered throughout the West as a most "dangerous" piece of Communist propaganda. All the more surprising that the Catholic nay, Clerical, Italy of 1960 should acclaim Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin* for the masterpiece it is. The film, lifted finally from the depths of the cine club store cellars into the open air of ordinary film distribution, has succeeded in making more money in Rome than *South Pacific*. Naturally shown at prices above the pocket range of the students—who have seen it anyway in the Cine Clubs.

After the success in the last seasons of Dreyer's film—the great Dane is now second only to Hitchcock as a directorial box-office attraction—now it is the turn of Eisenstein.

Alexander Nevsky opened Rome's new Cinema d'Essai; but there was nothing particularly new about that. New York, London and of course Paris have long had their Cinemo d'Essai. Even Turin has its own Cinematecque. Rome was behind in this respect. The novelty is that *Potemkin*, like Bergman's films, Dreyer's and Kurosawa's, is being shown in normal circuits—and is more than justifying the confidence of the distributors.

Of course, these films are not going to rival the record takings of the season's biggest hits, from *La Dolce Vita* to *La Grande Guerra*, from *Suddenly Last Summer* to *The World by Night* (the latest Italian bumper international variety show—a sequel to *Europe by Night*—one of the biggest grossers here of recent years).

I have repeatedly complemented the Italian Company Globe Films for their bold enterprise in trying out festival winners which otherwise would never have been seen in Italy.

How is this change in filmgoing taste affecting Italian production? Of course, the craze for historical subjects and for the muscle-men adventure epics is still on, though Americans inform me that by the time half of the current batch reach the States, the craze *there* may be off. After Italy having won the Grand Prixs at Venice and Cannes, there is quite a standard to keep up. Fortunately, the directors are all at work, even directors such as Emmer and Pietrangeli who haven't been heard of for years (the former is making a picture about whores in the North while Pietrangeli is making one about whores in the South—with Simone Signoret and Emmanuele Riva).

There seems no immediate prospect of Antonioni's controversial Cannes prize-winner *The Adventure* getting a regular screening at home (this is a paradoxical comment on my above remarks on how the great masterpieces of the screen are being shown in normal circuits—evidently the Italians expect their masterpieces to be "foreign", unless of course there is some juicy scandal attached); but, undaunted, Antonioni has started shooting in Milan his new picture, *The Night* with Mastroianni and Jeanne Moreau.

Visconti has finished *Rocco* and now starts battling with the Censors. De Sica is about to start Moravia's *Two Women* (with La Loren); Rossellini is making his film about Garibaldi's Thousand; Bolognini is shooting a sort of sequel to his *La Notte Brava*, with interesting French actor Jean Sorel; Monicelli is completing his *Risate di Gioia* with Magnani, Totò and Ben Gazzara; Lizzani is preparing a Resistance story; De Santis has finished *La Garconiere* with Raf Vallone.

And yet in spite of all this good news, Italy's film world wouldn't be running true to its name if there weren't some spoke in the wheels—and inevitably it has come from ministerial level. Many years have passed since that Undersccretary reproached De Sica for making *Umberto D*. One would bave though that politicians had learned their lesson; and the success of *La Dolce Vita* would, one imagines, have persuaded the Vatican and the Fascists to keep their mouths shut. (For the benefit of the FILMS AND FILMING reader who seemed incredulous at my insinuation that the *Osservatore Romano* protest against Fellini's film had helped its success, I should add that experts of the film company have calculated that the articles in the Vatican newspaper were worth £300,000 of publicity. I might add, also, that the Vatican is very sorry for itself, especially as so many Catholics have seen great moral values in the film. The Editor of the *Osservatore Romano* has since been relieved of his duties).

The latest politician to interfere in Italian film affairs is the present Minister of Tourism and Entertainment, Senator Tupini, the gentleman who recently in London discussed kissing in public with the British press. Senator Tupinin, who always supported Fellini during the difficult early days of the *Dolce Vita* controversies, bas now decided that Italian films are pornographic; if this noesn't stop, he threatens to cut subsidies and be more severe over censorship. One wonders whether he is concerned over tbat (perhaps unduly) excessive number of films about prostitution; or perhaps he is worrying about the new spate of anti-Fascist films.

EXCHANGE: An exchange of talent between the Soviet Union and Italy enables Sergei Bondarchuk to star in Rossellini's new film Era Notte a Roma. *With him above are (left) Leo Genn and (right) Giovanna Ralli.* *Photo: Unitalia*

from **Pierre Mille** *in*

FRANCE

ANDRE HUNEBELLE, who is directing *Le Capitain* (*The Swaggerer*) obtained permission to shoot some of the scenes inside the Chateau of Fontainebeau. But because of the fragile and very valuable floors, the entire unit had to wear special soft, felt-soled slippers while filming—in fact Hunebelle had to buy 122 pairs! Even the actors when not actualy in front of the cameras sipped off their elegant period footwear, and paddled about in soft shoes.

This was a film of many surprises. For instance, casting the part of Cocini, Hunebelle called on Itailian actor Giani Santuccio, and discovered that one of the actor's ancestors had been the model for the same character—for a 17th century engraver!

Even the normal routine of the filin had its twists. Santuccio, who has a big following in Italy, bad to make a quick dash to Paris between two Rome engagements, in order to meet his co-star Elsa Martinelli. She too, had made a flying visit for the occasion . . . from Rome!

If you're visiting Paris this summer and you see a bear being driven along the boulevards in a gleaming limousine, don't panic, you're *not* seeing things.

In fact, the star of Edmond Séchan's next film, *The Bear* is a bear. No ordinary bear though. In the film, he talks, but Gancha, the furry Russian star of the film, can do almost everything else in real life. An expert acrobat, who was one of the attractions of the Moscow Circus before making his film debut, Gancha can also ride a motor cycle.

H. G. Clouzot, whose past successes include *The Wages of Fear* and *The Fiends*, has just resumed work, after a short illness, on bis latest film—*The Truth*, starring Brigitte Bardot! But the master of the eerie thriller has not deserted his usual field completely. *The Truth* is a drama of passion, and culminates in a courtroom sequence. Producer is Raoul J. Levy.

André Cayatte is directing *Passage du Rhin* (*Crossing of the Rhine*) with locations in Germany. Starring Charles Aznavour, Georges Rivière, Nicole Courcel, Dany Carrel and produced by Franco-London Flm-Glibé (Paris) and UFA (Berlin), the film tells the story of two ex-prisoners of war who go back to the scene of their captivity.

Marcel Moussy, who wrote the screenplay for Truffaut's *The Four Hundred Blows*, has embarked on his first film as director: *St. Tropez Blues*, filmed, naturally enough, in the now-famous Riviera resort. The filin stars Marie Laforét and is produced by Chanmps-Elysées Productions.

ACTION: The camera moves in close for a realistic shot of barbedwire, men and shell fire.
Photo: National Film Archive

WESTFRONT

from page 14

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The jovial Bavarian peasant who takes life as it comes was played by the Bavarian comedian, Fritz Kampers. Born in 1890 he soon achieved considerable success both on German stage and screen as a broad comedian. Between 1919 and his death in 1950, Kampers played in dozens of films, of which only *Westfront* had any artistic merit.

None of the other players became well known. Claus Clausen as the lieutenant who thinks of nothing but his duty continued to appear in character roles during the remainder of the thirties, but Hans Joachim Moebis, who gives such a fine performance as the young student, never continued with film work. Jackie Monnier, the vivacious Yvette, was a French actress who had played the lead in the last two silent films directed by Jean Renoir, *Le Tournoi dans la Cite* and *Le Bled*, but she seems to have faded away with the coming of sound.

Contemporary Reaction: *Westfront* was not a success in Germany, the depression was beginning and people had enough of stark reality. In France, however (a French version was made, and both this and the original were widely shown) it was highly successful. The most ominous note came on the opening night in Berlin, when sporadic attempts to start a political demonstration against the film were shouted down by men who had fought in the war. By the time *All Quiet* reached Berlin in December 1930, the demonstrators were better organised, riots inside and mass demonstrations outside the cinema led to its banning on 11th December 1930, and it was only allowed public showing again after September 1931, in an emasculated version. On 27th April 1933, *Westfront* was banned in Germany.

In Britain the film was not widely shown, and initial comment on the film is very sparse, but it appears to have impressed itself deeply on the minds of those people who saw it. *The Times*, however, devoted more space to its defects than its merits: "The film is at its best and strongest when the characters are actually in the trenches, but Pabst's control falters slightly when he follows them home on leave. The rhythm is somehow jolted and broken, and his touch, so subtle and sure in building up the picture of life in the front line, becomes almost ponderous" (17th August, 1932).

Bryher, reviewing the film from Berlin, had no doubts at all. "In the course of another generation, when the history of the cinema comes to be written, it is probable that *Westfront 1918* will occupy the same position with regard to the sound film that *Potemkin* occupies in relationship to the silent picture. It is not that the basic idea of *Westfront* is brought out with the clarity it might have had in a Russian film, but every moment of this film is as full of subtleties and overtones as Pabst's earlier silent work, but every moment of this film is experimental, creative experiment with a new medium. sound as connected with visual motion . . . it should be recorded that real creation with sound and movement began with *Westfront 1918*, and history must owe something always to this film, and to its use of visual image with auditory sensation . . . Sound films, from being at the beginning a series of photographs changed as slowly as slides even now take what opportunity they may to minimise movement. But in *Westfront 1918* there is no static moment, it moves more swiftly than any film I have seen, except for some sequences in the work of Eisenstein. (*Close Up*, August, 1930).

Appraisal: War is the one great universal experience of our time, but the causes of war have still been hardly touched upon by the cinema. Dovzhenko's *Arsenal* (1929) showed the Ukranian Civil War to have been caused by class hatred; the only recent film which has tried to go beneath the surface, Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*, limited itself to the struggle for supremacy within a power elite, it didn't touch upon the social and economic causes of war. Siegfried Kracaeur in his book *From Caligari to Hitler* criticizes *Westfront* on just these grounds, that "the indictment of war is not supported by the slightest hint of its causes, let alone any insight into them. Silence spreads where it would be natural to ask questions".

Richard Griffith in his lengthy postscript to Paul Rotha's *The Film Till Now* takes up this criticism; lumping *Blue Angel*, *Westfront*, *Kameradschaft*, *M*, *Dreigroschenoper*, *Testament of Dr. Mabuse* and *Kuhle Wampe* together, he disposes of the whole ill-assorted collection with: "Addressing an immature audience they employed intellectual terms which could not exert any emotional spell on that audience. in so doing their directors revealed not only political ignorance but also — one might almost say — an authropological weakness which is a fatal weakness in a film-maker whose purpose is to change minds and prepare the way for action. Combating immaturity, their films showed unmistakable symptoms of immaturity".

Unravelling Griffith's twisted prose is not always easy, but both he and Kracaeur appear to be playing the popular critical game of attacking a work for not being something it was plainly never meant to be. After 30 years it is high time *Westfront* was judged on its merits as a film, leaving aside the highly debatable point of whether it helped undermine the Weimar Republic (though why, if its propaganda was so ineffective, the Nazis had to produce Hans Zoberlin's *Shocktroop 1917* to counterbalance it, as Kracaeur states in his book, is a question without an answer).

Looked at dispassionately by someone to whom the political controversy only has historical interest, it would appear that both Pabst and Milestone are specifically concerned with men facing death, it is in the manner of the death that the implicit anti-war message is conveyed. If these generalised statements of 1930 have now been succeeded by the personalized approach of the most interesting modern war films (*Les Jeux Interdit*, *Time Out of War*, *Kanal*, *The Burmese Harp*) it doesn't make the older method any the less valid; Pabst and Milestone could surely echo the words of that supreme war poet, Wilfred Owen, "All a poet can do today is warn. That is why the true poets must be truthful". The same sometimes applies to film directors.

What distinguished *Westfront* from all other war films is its deliberate avoidance of elements usually considered essential. Heroics, of course, had no place in Pabst's conception. Falkenberg, Pabst's assistant for many years, has an illuminating story of how Karl's death moment was obtained. No actor, he says, can resist a death scene, and there was trouble with Diessl until the cameraman produced the effect Pabst desired simply by having the actor lie perfectly still and turning the two main lights off him at the crucial moment.

Even more noticeable is the firm avoidance of dramatic tension of suspense (the sole exception, the scene between Karl, his wife, and the other man, is one of the less successful passages in the film). All those build-ups of men tensed for the attack, with which the cinema has familiarized us, are ruthlessly omitted. The perpetual fog and smoke clear for a moment and we see French tanks advancing, but Pabst deliberately avoids the emotional kick in the stomach such a scene would usually merit; he brilliantly succeeds in showing the grey monotony of trench warfare, with each day quite undistinguishable. We know, from the number of first-rate books produced by the fighting soldier, but life during those four bloody years was one of sheer fatigue and boredom, punctuated by sudden bursts of activity— no other film has so well captured this. To expect an elaborate exposition of the causes of war in addition (and it would have to be elaborate to cover a subject so complex only one film has done it with any degree of success) is being too demanding by half.

To the writer *All Quiet* stands foremost amongst war films. The famous moment when Paul (Lew Ayres) sees a butterfly resting on the edge of the trenches, stretches out his hand to touch it, is seen by an enemy sniper and shot, is the simplest and most poetic protest against the ugliness and squalor of war the cinema has yet made. Wilfred Owen, in one of his letters, described this feeling: "I suppose I can endure cold and fatigue and the face-to-face death as well as another; but extra for me is the universal pervasion of Ugliness. Hideous landscapes, vile noises, foul language and nothing but foul, even from one's own mouth (for all are devil-ridden)—everything unnatural, broken, blasted; the distortion of the dead, whose unburiable sit outside the dug-outs, all day, all night the most execrable sights on earth".

Perhaps Pabst's mind was too complex for him to comprehend the value of complete simplicity—he makes the gesture once in *Westfront* and it comes off. Karl's mother is standing in the food queue when Karl comes home, her neighbour points him out, she stands undecided whether to leave and lose her place, turning to the policeman marshalling the queue she hesitates but he — in perfect silence — simply shrugs his shoulders. The whole scene takes less than a minute, but it sums up the whole impersonal anti-human aspect of war, that 'don't you know there's a war on' attitude so many of us still remember. For the rest, his characters are believable, but not particularly memorable.

Westfront can still be viewed without embarrassment, because it faces up to its subject squarely, without false heroics, without sentimentality, when so many films cannot survive the passing of the emotional or intellectual atmosphere that produced them. In many ways *Westfront* is a perfect distillation of the early thirties, a perfect expression of the

Perhaps one explanation of the eclipse in Pabst's reputation is that he was not the daring innovator critics at the time considered him to be, but merely the spokesman for a climate of opinion; his intellectual preoccupations can be seen, not as the expression of a man running counter to popular thought, but as the reliable reflection of liberal European thought in general. Certainly the pacifist intentions, although they may not have attracted people to the box-office, were perfectly attuned to the militant anti-militarism of the twenties and early thirties.

It was inevitable the four years slaughter would bring its revulsion, would set people asking questions. A flood of books, plays, films, examined, probed, or merely exploited—Universal produced *All Quiet* not because it was enamoured of the subject, but because the Remarque novel had topped best-seller lists all over the world, and there is nothing Hollywood desires more than a 'hot property'—luckily it was a case of the right subject going to the right director. *Westfront*, too, was based on a popular novel.

War no longer seemed to have a mystique, although Pabst seemed doubtful if the mood would last. At all events, the day before the premiere he asked that the final title should be re-made, with a gigantic question mark following the 'Ende' title.

In an astonishing burst of creative activity Pabst produced three major sound films in quick succession. *Westfront* and *Kameradschaft* make a direct appeal in a now unfashionable way (the brilliant but repellent *Threepenny Opera* is in a different category; while his other early sound film *The Eva Scandal* was only made to show that he could produce a low budget commercial subject—it was one of the most popular films of the year in Germany) but in the fusion of the propagandist social content and the brilliant professionalism of the presentation they both make an important contribution to the expressiveness of the film. *Westfront* must still be included amongst the finest war films yet made; thirty years have neither dimmed its quality nor lessened the validity of its thesis. Truth is a rare virtue, and what we seem to get from *Westfront* is truth, plain and unvarnished. Many films have survived on less.

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CHINA

from page 1

contribution to today's cinema in China is the woman director, Wan Ping, working at the August First Studio. She also has an actor's training and experience and this background can be detected in the fine and careful work with actors in each of her films. She can take an often used, simplified story of a communal struggle, in *Make the Mountain Green* (in which she also plays a wise granny), and make it more believable and real than in her colleagues' treatment of the same material, almost entirely from a close study of her character's motives and behaviour. When heroes and heroines look humanly capable of mistakes, it seems one guarantee of credibility. A previous and more intense film, *The Constant Beam*, is about an underground radio transmitter in Shanghai during the Japanese occupation.

A similar subject, but in reverse—the tracing of the enemy's underground base—has been carefully made as a thriller in *The Old Temple Bell*, a production of the Changchun Studio in the North-East. For me the most vital success of this studio is in another film genre in which they have no Chinese rivals (except possible in Hong Kong), the comedy of modern life. As it has always seemed to me that good film comedies mark a maturing national film art, the increasing involvement of the comedies made at the Chungchun Studio is one of the best general signs in the Chinese cinema. Two of them have especially impressed me: *Water for Our Village*, a freshly direct comedy of the young people who persist in building a reservoir for their village, and *Woman's Place*, another comedy of character, but with some seasoning of farce, of women going from their domestic tasks into industry, with some situations that war-time women workers in England and America would recognize.

Traditional Home

The first and traditional home of the Chinese film, Shanghai, prides itself on its comedies, but these seem strained and self-conscious by comparison with Changchun comedies, less pointed and less amusing for their audiences. Shanghai studios, however, can make good dramas. Their most ambitious film of last year was *Lin Tse-hsu*, about the commissioner appointed by the emperor in 1839 to control the English opium trade, leading to a war that English historians would rather forget. An earlier film on the Opium War was made by Japan in 1943 as anti-British propaganda, but *Lin Tse hsu*, though an extremely nationalist film, with nationalist attitudes that Arthur Waley's recent book, *The Opium War through Chinese Eyes* (drawn chiefly from Lin Tse-hsu's diary), has analyzed helpfully, is not anti-British in tone or purpose.

The first Chinese use of the wide-screen process comes from Shanghai, in *New Story of an Old Soldier*, the film that won the technical award at last year's Moscow festival. This exuberant story of the army veterans who helped to reclaim the great "Northern Waste", was written by the young short story writer, Li Chun, and is played exuberantly by Tsui Wei, in the chief role. A scenarist at the Shanghai Studio introduced another technical innovation in *Huang Bao-mei*, a glimpse of a model cotton-mill worker's life played by herself; in spite of many less interesting limitations of this "semi-documentary" form, this is too good an idea not to see richer use. Sport stories come regularly from Shanghai: there have been several club screenings in England of a well-made story of a girls' basketball team and a similar film of champion swimmers (*Victory on the Water*) should soon be seen here.

The centre of the film industry today is Peking. The central Peking studio, where the great *Storm* was produced, has made a fine translation to film of Mao Tun's famous story of 1931, *The Shop of the Lin Family*, of the accumulated dilemmas of a small shopkeeper in those chaotic days. Peking's longest film (about three hours) is *Song of Youth*, based on a recent popular novel of young revolutionaries before and during the war, and this film shows the influence of pre-war western film dramas rather than of newer Soviet models. Another large Peking studio, the August First, where Wan Ping works, concentrates on army needs and themes, though its stories range beyond this particular area.

Though the film industry's administration and best equipped studios (notably helped by Czechoslovak technicians) are in Peking, there seems a conscious effort to decentralize film-making. Until recently the only studios in South China making Chinese films were in Hong Kong, but a new studio in Canton is about to show its first feature films. Thoughtful documentary films have already come from Canton, so that when one hears of documentary and newsreel studios organized in many far parts of China, the implication is that from there, too, more substantial fictional films may eventually follow. Though films about the many minority peoples of China have been made by Peking and Shanghai studios, we may soon see films made by themselves. It is an important harvest that is expected from the large film school at Peking.

As in the field of the fictional and dramatic film, the technical apparatus of the documentary film is stronger than its creative work. The best and smartest Chinese film editing that I've seen is in the full eight-reel version of the Tenth Anniversary celebrations, but the most original ideas and treatment are to be seen in the more specialized educational and popularized science films (often made at the August First Studio), the best possible field for experiment in communication. The accomplishments of the animation studio in Shanghai also lag behind their methods and technique. Foreign methods are so entrenched there that one is forced to look elsewhere—say, in the experiments of Norman MacLaren—for animation methods drawn from Chinese traditions.

On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, the film industry showed that as an industry, its problems were settled, by producing during 1958 and the first nine months of 1959, more feature films than were produced in the whole period from 1949 through 1957—more than 170 films. The industrial haste was not wholly beneficial; *Lin Tse-hsu* would have been a better film if it had been completed in the deliberate way it was begun. But the industrial point has been made, and the next advance is toward a deeper, more moving and more persuasive art. In 1927, ten years after the October Revolution, major revolutionary films from an astonishingly large group of dedicated artists were coming from the Soviet Union. In China there has been a more universal concentration on establishing a solid industrial basis for the whole country, including the film industry, and its artists are already showing that they will make good use of the base. One of their tasks for 1960 is to make films specifically for the peasant audience, who have felt neglected by the city studios. Though there is not yet a Chinese equivalent of Eisenstein's *October*, it is possible that *Storm* may occupy the historical place of his *Strike*.

Next year will see the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Chinese Communist Party, and the film industry will certainly use this occasion to take a longer step ahead.

The hand-to-mouth production methods used in the thirties and forties left much to be desired even in basic techniques. Yet those earlier years of Chinese film-making, with inadequate apparatus and the desperations of commercial distribution, taught many film-makers of today their first lessons. Other socialist film industries have given China priceless technical assistance; China's film industry has thereby grown in size and efficiency without a fundamental alteration of its clearly Chinese character.

It is in the films from Hong Kong studios that one can see how the Chinese film industry would have developed along earlier commercial lines but, though often entertaining, they seem satisfied with a few limited patterns that run no risks. A typical film from the Crown Colony, *The Kingdom and the Beauty*, produced by the Shaw Brothers, and shown at the recent Frankfurt Asian Festival, is the prettiest sort of musical comedy, but nothing more than that. In the studios of China, however, one senses an eagerness for development and an interest in the audience's welfare that is the cinema's particular reflection of China's socialism.

NEXT MONTH

LOOK FOR ALAIN DELON

in Rene Clement's *Plein Soleil* on the sky blue cover of the October FILMS AND FILMING, on sale September 15. And inside this

FRENCH CINEMA NUMBER

Fernandel, Bourvil, Jean-Louis Trintignant and Jean-Paul Belmondo discuss their approach to acting; Charles Aznavour gives his views on working with Truffaut and Cayatte; veteran director Christian-Jaque looks back over his work; new directors Jacques Doniol-Valcroze and Jacques Dupont compare location and studio methods of working; Edouard Molinara on art and the box-office; and Jean Thuillier writes on the qualities needed to be a successful producer. Plus! a magnificent picture section on two 'new wave' productions—Truffaut's *Tirez sur le Pianiste* and Jean-Luc Godard's *A Bout de Souffle*; and Duvivier's *Murder a la Carte*; and a monograph of director Claude Autant-Lara by Raymond Durgnat. And all the regular features, with a report on the San Sebastian festival by Peter Baker.

WEREWOLF

from page 15

Horrors of the Black Museum, a thing which I did in Cinemascope and colour, the grosses it built was fantastic. I didn't expect it to do as great as it did, and the picture grossed over £1,000,000, close to 3,000,000 dollars, which was very successful, because the picture cost us close to 400,000 dollars to make. Very, very successful. And it did well all over. I mean we broke records in Naples, Brussels and Tokyo, as well as doing well in the United States and the United Kingdom.

Do you think that after a while you have to have some extra gimmick as well as the horror story?

You've got to have a new gimmick in every one that you do. And I have several new gimmicks in this one, in all of them you have to have a gimmick.

Is that why Jess Conrad is in your new film?

Well, Jess Conrad—when I signed him it was prior to Jess receiving his Decca contract and prior to him starring in this TV show *Wham*, which you have here—Jess sings a song in this picture which he is recording for Decca which will be released just prior to the picture going out. Besides, my Konga, who grows bigger than King Kong, and besides Clair Gordon who's a very sexy lush girl, besides Michael Gough, and Margo Johns who are two excellent performers, I have a good supporting cast. I think that you've got to try to be quite universal in every type of gimmick and your casting too. And in the selling of the picture and of course in the making of the film.

Horror does well everywhere. The only difficult place for horror I think is the Scandinavian countries, because their censorship rules are much more difficult. They take things pretty serious.

Do you think it's detrimental to an actor's career when he does too many horror films?

I don't think so. Spencer Tracy did *Dr. Jeckel and Mr. Hyde* and then Fredric March. Nobody knew Peter Cushing before he started doing these pictures for Hammer, and now he has a name. Nobody knew Chrisiopher Lee and nobody knew Michael Gough, so I mean its certainly not detrimental at all. I mean this gives them a chance of stardom and gives them a chance to be known as an actor.

Several Offers

Peter Cushing, because of his name, recently played in a film which I didn't particularly like, *Cone of Silence*. It was certainly a different type of role for him. If he hadn't worked for Hammer they wouldn't have signed Peter Cushing as a star in *Cone of Silence*. Michael Gough has been offered several things since he did *Horrors of the Black Museum*, and now he's starring in *Konga*. Before that Michael Gough would do a one day walk-on.

I think that if an actor has a good role, no matter what the picture is, it could do nothing but help him, or help her.

All your stories have had modern settings, haven't they?

Yes, because even though I'm doing a horror mystery type of film, I try to make my situations as realistic as possible. My people are real people, the problems are real, because this is what I dig. I mean I like an array of subjects and you can insert a great deal, just because its a horror film does not mean you can't insert realism; besides, the only thing that's supernatural is the horror of the actual killing.

Various psychiatrists all over the world for some reason or other have come out in various magazines—including *Time*, *Newsweek*—saying what great therapy horror films are, and what healthy therapy it is. I definitely believe in it, it's certainly been my therapy.

And not only horror. I think any clean type of entertainment where an audience can sit and watch violence and not be involved in it personally is a very healthy outlet for any . . . it's proven. Now this goes for sports.

Do you ever look around in an arena during a boxing match? You see the audience when they scream, "Get our . . . get him . . ." When it's all over . . . whoom . . . most of the audience have released a great deal of tension of work, of life, of home and what have you . . . the same with football, ice hockey, any sport really. And I think it's the same thing in the cinema, whether it's a comedy they're laughing at, or whether it's a horror film. It's a good release.

Do you ever try to put any message through in your films?

Yes, I do all the time. In *Teenage Werewolf* the boy was a very good boy, he happened to be in the position where his mother had died and his father had a night shift job. He had problems, he had certain psychological problems that he needed help in: and the message was that he wanted to be good, that he didn't want to get in with the gang. But he had a problem that a psychologist could not help him with: and we went from that point into the supernatural. As far as messages go I, with my entertainment, try to throw in a message by not having my teenagers smoke or take narcotics or take some opium up the arm or something; this is the message. You'll see it in *Konga*, where they have good clean fun.

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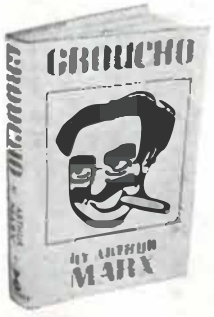

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